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## THE BUDGET DEBATE.

THE House of Commons enjoyed on Monday night a welcome interruption of the prevailing dullness. A set of boys in a playground sometimes suffers under similar feelings of ennui when the grass is too wet for cricket, or when the only foot-ball has burst and none of the party is ingenious enough to devise a popular amusement. They lounge and they yawn, and their conversation takes a querulous turn, when, suddenly, their spirits are relieved by the happy accident of a quarrel, and universal cheerfulness is restored by the pleasant occupation of forming a ring. To make the analogy perfect, it must be supposed that the two best fighters in the school are preparing for a set-to. Mr. DISRAELI's criticism of Mr. GLADSTONE's Budget was the most exciting Parliamentary incident of the session, unless the rougher and less scientific scuffle between Lord CHELMSFORD and the LORD CHANCELLOR may be thought to deserve a preference. It is unreasonable to complain that the assailant proposed no policy of his own, when it was his avowed object only to damage a formidable opponent and rival; and the remarkable irritation which Mr. GLADSTONE betrayed in his reply sufficiently proved the skill and vigour of Mr. DISRAELI's attack. A series of blunders would have been more patiently endured than a succession of blows skilfully directed against the weakest points of the recent financial policy. There can scarcely be two opinions on the impropriety of Mr. GLADSTONE's incessant sneers at the warlike expenditure for which he is officially responsible; and his appeal to Mr. DISRAELI to support a more frugal policy is an invitation to an enemy to join one party in the Cabinet against the majority. In a similar spirit, Mr. GLADSTONE two years ago taunted the Opposition with its acquiescence in Lord PALMERSTON's prudent settlement of the conflict of privilege with the Lords. Mr. GLADSTONE has failed to persuade or to outvote his colleagues, but he has still the option of leaving them. The particular reference in his Budget speech to the China war not unnaturally jarred on the taste of the House of Commons, and it furnished Mr. DISRAELI with one of his best opportunities for sarcasm.

A more substantial objection to the Budget is founded on the practical non-existence of a surplus. It is evident that 150,000*l.* may be absorbed by any trifling derangement of the expenditure; and as the cotton difficulty is still increasing, the produce of the indirect taxes is not likely to exceed the estimate. It is not forgotten, moreover, that the last two years have witnessed a considerable deficit, although trade may have been stimulated by the removal of customs and excise duties. Those who opposed the repeal of the Paper duty have a perfect right to dwell on the fulfilment of their predictions, and the reply that manufacturing industry has been encouraged is altogether beside the purpose. Mr. GLADSTONE is angry with Mr. DISRAELI for having no faith in the elasticity of consumption, which is supposed to restore to the revenue every concession which it receives; and it may be true that Mr. DISRAELI's political economy is not of the most unimpeachable orthodoxy, or rather that it varies with circumstances, and with the facility which particular doctrines afford for Parliamentary conflicts. Nevertheless, the assertion that a deficit has followed on the abolition of the Paper duty is true in itself, and it has nothing to do with political economy. Mr. GLADSTONE, also, has in his time maintained the necessity of procuring an equilibrium as the primary duty of a Finance Minister. The experiment of abolishing taxation ought, according to general admission, to be founded on an existing surplus, and Mr. GLADSTONE's reliance on the general efficacy of reduction can have no practical bearing. It would be absurd to dispute that every tax is an evil, but it by no means follows that a particular

tax ought to be repealed. The Paper duty may or may not hereafter replace itself by its indirect effects. For the present, the measure of last year has undoubtedly diminished the revenue. The original project of exempting paper in 1860 was evidently ill-timed; and although there were sound political reasons for removing the duty in 1861, the proposal would not have been justified by the financial condition of the country. As against Mr. DISRAELI, it may be fairly urged that his party voted for a still larger reduction, but a Minister who can only defend himself by showing that the Opposition committed errors in its time ought to remember that official conduct is exceptionally vulnerable. As Mr. DISRAELI professed last year not to believe in a surplus, he ought not to have supported the reduction of the tea duty; but it is not for the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to complain that his own statements were accepted as accurate, although he may be perfectly aware that the adhesion of his opponents was insincere.

When Mr. DISRAELI had sufficiently annoyed and ridiculed the object of his attack, his immediate object was attained. The repartee that he had himself committed equal or greater blunders was perfectly innocuous. A bad Budget composed half-a-dozen years ago is no excuse for an imitation of its defects, and few members are likely to remember obsolete figures and abortive suggestions. A good many of Mr. DISRAELI's political and financial delinquencies have been since condoned by Mr. GLADSTONE himself; and in 1856 and 1857, both orators joined in assailing the Budget of a third financier with a vigour at least equal to that which Mr. DISRAELI has now displayed. The true answer to his speech of Monday would have been that the criticism applied, not to the present Budget, but to the policy of 1860 and 1861, which has been already approved by Parliament. The narrow or non-existent surplus of the ensuing year is a subject for regret, but all parties must be content to take it as it stands. The Opposition is not prepared either to impose new taxes, or to reduce the expenditure. It only remains to try for one year more whether the revenue can recover itself; and it is barely possible that some reduction may, on a future occasion, be devised in the naval and military estimates. By adopting the issue which was proposed by his antagonist, Mr. GLADSTONE involved himself in a contest where he was exposed to serious damage. Mr. DISRAELI might have been partially baffled by a refusal to discuss questions which may be said to possess only historical interest, but in the quarrel as it was actually conducted, he gained some advantages, and he at least earned the gratitude of the House by the unwonted animation which he infused into the debate.

A more ambitious measure than Mr. GLADSTONE's Budget would have been comparatively open to practical objections, but it is impossible to cultivate serious indignation against fractional changes of taxation. Mr. BENTINCK was ingenious in his hostility when he suggested that the reduction of the duty on playing cards indicated Mr. GLADSTONE's anxious desire to encourage gambling. The brewing licence is a more objectionable contrivance, and it may perhaps still be defeated. The large brewers will be exposed to heavy loss, and private families will suffer considerable vexation. The exemption of small houses adds inequality to other causes of annoyance; and the whole amount to be raised from domestic brewers is altogether insignificant. The public brewers themselves cannot desire a protection which would fail to affect the competition of private families, and it would be far better to add the amount of the hop duty to the excise on malt than to contrive an elaborate machinery for the taxation of beer. It would seem that Mr. GLADSTONE keeps in view the theory which he has sometimes propounded, that taxes ought to be made as irksome as possible in proportion to the amount which they

produce. A fractional addition to the price of malt would scarcely be noticed by the consumer, while the licence duty will occasion a considerable number of execrations in the course of every year. The matter is not of the highest importance, but Mr. BASS's objections to the Budget were more substantial than Mr. DISRAELI's. On a more serious question, Mr. GLADSTONE appears, for the present, to be opposed to injustice and confusion. Mr. HUBBARD is not to receive official countenance in his project of a partial and graduated income-tax.

#### FRENCH PARTIES AND THE POPE.

THE action of political parties in France is so feeble, and their opportunities of showing such life as they possess are so intermittent, that it is not easy to feel interest in the rumours of their quarrels, reconciliations, coalitions, and severances which from time to time penetrate to this country. The difficulty is increased from the promoters of these movements not having as yet hit upon any principle of union or separation with which an Englishman can feel the least sympathy. In spite of the skill which conducts, and the success which, on the whole, attends the policy of the existing French Government, our country will never cease to feel repugnance for a system based on the suppression of freedom; but, unhappily, the factions out of power in France have never proposed to unite on the simple basis of affection for their lost liberties. The first movement set on foot after the destruction of the Republic was the wretched intrigue to bring about the "fusion" of the Orleanists and Legitimists, and this was so thoroughly unsuccessful that the one thing which reconciles the Legitimist party to the dethronement of the Neapolitan BOURBONS is a consideration of the effect it may have on the claims of the Princes of ORLEANS. The renunciation of the throne of France by PHILIP V. for himself and his descendants was only made, it is urged, with the view of preventing the union of the Crowns; from which it follows that, when any branch of the Spanish BOURBONS becomes discredited, its rights to the succession of LOUIS XIV. are revived, and take precedence of those of LOUIS-PHILIPPE's sons. The project of fusion having therefore miscarried, it became a hopeful idea of some amiable persons to unite all sections of the Opposition—Legitimists, Orleanists, and Republicans—in a common hostility to that alliance with England which the EMPEROR has professed to put forward as the great feature of his foreign policy. Still more recently, the principle of antipathy to Free Trade was openly talked of as a sound basis to support a great coalesced party; nor, indeed, can it be denied that hatred of Free Trade and hatred of England do really connect together a number of people in France who have little else in common. Both these plans have, however, recently given way to the notion of making the Imperial Government quail before the front of a great Catholic party. No expedient during the last ten years has ever commanded half so much favour among the discontented as this one. Just now, it is the perpetual topic of the *salons*, where persons old enough to remember what it was that ruined CHARLES X. are, nevertheless, exultingly proclaiming their opinion that the EMPEROR never made a greater mistake than when he quarrelled with the POPE.

There is a good deal of evidence that considerable sympathy is really felt for PIUS IX. by large numbers of Frenchmen. But the best-informed persons are far from thinking that this feeling is strong enough to be in the least dangerous to the Government. Except with the Legitimists, there is no such impression of the POPE's position as prevails in Poland, Ireland, or Bavaria. In those countries he is undoubtedly regarded as the victim of an unholy and sacrilegious outrage. But the sentiment of Frenchmen is one rather of good-natured compassion. They think the POPE an ill-used gentleman. PIUS IX., it may be observed, does not quite give Frenchmen that impression of utter feebleness and failure which he has produced in this country. Probably, Englishmen might even think rather better of him than they do if he had not disappointed them by his abortive liberalism. But in France mere political miscarriage is not so deadly a fault. Frenchmen are too conscious that they themselves have before now hoped much, only to be cruelly undeceived afterwards—they have themselves tried too many unfortunate experiments—to be hard upon a Sovereign who has ended by reversing the principles of government with which he began his reign. Thus PIUS's personal virtues are left to produce their full impression. The clergy

are never tired of proclaiming his kindliness, his unwearied devotions, his ascetic temperance; and the laity acquiesce in these eulogies with a languid regret that so excellent a Pontiff should fare so much worse than the BORGHIAS. They are fond of comparing him to LOUIS XVI., and of observing that he is made the scape-goat of all the crimes of his predecessors. But this sort of sympathy is obviously very little akin to those passionate prejudices which are really capable of drawing men together into an organized political faction. The supposed Catholic feeling of France is a mere wax taper by the side of the blazing furnace of English No-Popery.

The real embarrassment which the French Government will suffer through the feeble interest in PIUS IX. thus evoked in France, will arise, not in France itself, but at Rome. It has scarcely any reason for dreading the machinations of a great Catholic party at home; but it will have much reason for regretting that the existence of such a party has become a matter of firm belief with the POPE and his circle. The hopes of the Papal Court are now entirely directed to events in France. Nothing is expected from Austria or Spain, but there is said to be the fullest persuasion that, in a country as variable as France, something may occur at any moment to force a new policy on the EMPEROR, or even to replace his Government by one devoted to the Holy See. It would be a strange revelation if we could have an account of the chimeras which have flitted through the minds of POPE and Cardinals since the struggle with the Italians commenced. Who knows that we should not find them just now persuaded that the Irish members are on the point of compelling the English Government to take up the cause which NAPOLEON III. has betrayed? Certain it is, that, a year ago, the liberty allowed to the French Deputies from Alsace, who were permitted to denounce the EMPEROR's Italian policy in the Chamber, was celebrated at the Roman Court as the promise of an immediate return to Catholic principles; and, in the same way, it is more than probable that the news that the lot of the present POPE is considered by many Frenchmen a very unhappy and undeserved one will strengthen the determination of Cardinal ANTONELLI to hold out as long as possible against an arrangement with the Italians. There is, in fact, no ground whatever for supposing that the POPE is in such extremity as to be driven from Rome by the mere difficulty of staying there with his present resources. Nothing will ever move him except the withdrawal of the French troops. It has, indeed, been imagined that his exchequer is so poorly provided that, sooner or later, he must commit repudiation or go. The impression is extremely natural, considering the language held by his partisans on the subject of the temporal sovereignty, which, rendered into humbler phrase, simply means that his spiritual dominion cannot be comfortably exercised without Central Italy for a home-farm. But in reality the POPE's finances were never more flourishing. Hard as it is for an Englishman to understand it, the Peter's Pence have proved more lucrative than the taxes of the March and the Legations. A great subscription gives us the idea of a number of rich and charitable persons contributing a few hundred thousand pounds at most, and once for all. But this is not an adequate view of the Peter's Pence, which can only be compared to the Rent collected from the Irish during the later years of O'CONNELL's life. The Pence are an impost levied on the whole Catholic world. France, indeed, and some other nominally Catholic countries, send little to Rome in proportion to their wealth; but in Ireland, and in the less civilized parts of the Continent—in Poland, in South Germany, in Belgium, in Spain, and in Portugal—the sums collected in the very smallest coins of each locality compose a total which is absolutely enormous. There is no reason why this supply should not continue indefinitely. It is scarcely felt at all, or, if felt, it is not felt by the peasantry themselves, who merely give to the POPE what would otherwise be expended on wax candles or artificial flowers for the village altar. A potentate who can extract something, be it ever so small, from the earnings or hoards of the whole labouring class of half Europe, is not likely willingly to put himself in such a position that the compassion which is so remunerative can no longer be appealed to.

#### AMERICA.

THE American papers record, or invent, a characteristic representation of the present state of feeling in the North. It is said that the Legislature of Iowa, on the re-

ceipt of the news from Fort Donnellson, passed by acclamation an Act to suspend the Liquor Law during twenty-four hours, for the purpose of celebrating the victory with becoming enthusiasm. Both Houses, with their presiding officers at their head, then accompanied the Governor to some convenient resort, where, notwithstanding the temperance institutions of that virtuous State, alcoholic drinks were forthcoming with unaccountable readiness. The reporter leaves the representatives of the people sprawling in various attitudes about the door of the tavern. Before morning, they may be supposed to have betaken themselves to their homes, more convinced than before of the expediency of total abstinence. The whole narrative appears to have a symbolical rather than historical value, and the fabulous orgies which it describes are exaggerations of the boastful complacency with which the Federal population regards the recent successes of the armies. To foreigners, it is evident that the real difficulty of the contest has yet to be encountered, and that, even if the war itself were over, political embarrassments which may prove insurmountable lie behind the suppression of armed resistance.

Nevertheless, there is considerable excuse for the triumphant language of the Northern journals. Except in James River and at Island No. 10 on the Mississippi, the Confederates have displayed neither military skill nor resolute perseverance. The combat at Winchester in Western Virginia was unnecessarily provoked, and the Southern troops suffered a serious defeat. The loss of Newbern and Beaufort may perhaps have been unavoidable, but the advance of General BURNSIDE threatens to make the position of the main army in front of Richmond untenable. Even Island No. 10 must be abandoned, unless it can be relieved by a superior force, as the sailing flotilla has the means of constantly renewing its supplies of guns and ammunition. The rumours of the capture of New Orleans may have only preceded the event, and with the occupation of a large portion of the Southern coast, the blockading squadron will become in a great measure superfluous. The Northern factories are busy with the construction of floating iron-batteries, and although attack has within a few days once more recovered its superiority over defence, iron vessels like the *Monitor* may set at defiance any artillery which is likely to protect the landlocked creeks and bays of the Confederate States. Wherever victory depends on mechanical resources, the North may reckon confidently on success. In numbers also, perhaps in discipline, and certainly in the quality of their weapons, the Federalists possess great advantages as compared with their opponents. The great extent of sea-inlets and of navigable rivers is favourable to the transport of stores and heavy guns by an invading army. If the finance of the North is unintelligible, the Confederates have still less credit, and no money. The assailants are stronger in all respects, except in the nature of the task which they have undertaken, and in the distances and impassable roads which are in themselves the strongest fortifications. The Southern States may, perhaps, notwithstanding their former professions, unexpectedly submit; and by putting an end to the war they may relieve themselves from severe suffering, and avoid the necessity of heavy sacrifices. It is still in their power to stipulate for a share in the Government, and their former democratic allies are willing to cooperate in the maintenance and perpetuation of slavery. The motives for the original disruption have never been made intelligible to distant observers, and it is still perhaps the interest of the seceders to return to the Union. If such a result should ensue on the partial successes of the Northern army, the vast exertions which have been made by the Free States and the policy of the Government will have been fully justified.

It is impossible to calculate the course of American politics; but thus far the South has not shown the smallest inclination to resume the abhorred connection with the Federal Republic. All parties seem to be convinced that the war is likely to continue, and sooner or later the advance of the Northern army will probably meet with a check. Every mile of advance from the frontier, or from the sea-coast, increases the difficulty of transport, and aggravates the evils of imperfect discipline. It is well known that the army, although it may be formidable in the field, is still grievously deficient in organization and in regular discipline. The officers inspire little respect in their men, for social promiscuity is not counterbalanced by any remarkable difference of military accomplishments. When gentlemen are not forthcoming, officers require either veteran experience or professional training. The inconveniences which were

tolerable in the lines of the Potomac will be more severely felt in long marches through the woods of Virginia. The Confederates, with all their defects, are probably as good as the American soldiers of the original rebellion, although they have no WASHINGTON at their head. On the other hand, there is no injustice in saying that the best Federal regiments are not as complete soldiers as the troops of CLINTON and of CORNWALLIS.

Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS's boast that he has four hundred regiments must have some foundation in reality. If the South has an army of 300,000 men, a large portion of the force must still be held in "reserve," and be unaffected by recent reverses. A tenth part of the number has never yet been brought into action at one time by either belligerent, nor is it probable that the great army which is to advance under General McCLELLAN from the Western sea-board can be moved or manoeuvred in a single body. If the Southern generals are sufficiently skilful, they may choose their own fields of battle, and the local knowledge which they possess or command will give them facilities for attacking the enemy at particular points with superior numbers. In the greatest war of modern times, after twenty years of fighting, it was thought that only two or three generals in Europe knew how to command 100,000 men. NAPOLEON, as the chief master of the art, denied the existence of a similar faculty in all his marshals, with two or three exceptions. Scientific combinations are less difficult and less indispensable when a general is standing on the defensive. In 1812, KUTUSOF and BARCLAY DE TOLLY himself were mere bunglers in comparison with their great opponent, and the Russian troops were greatly inferior to the French in quality, and even in number; yet four-fifths of the army which crossed the Niemen had disappeared when the EMPEROR entered Moscow. Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS is, probably, more resolute than the impulsive and vacillating ALEXANDER. It remains to be seen whether his constituents are as determined as the Russian nobles and peasants. If words have any meaning, they regard their invaders with a hatred as cordial as the fiercest Muscovite animosity against the godless French.

If the Confederates persevere in their resistance, time as well as space will fight on the side of the defence. After a year of a war unparalleled in the prodigality of expenditure which it has caused, not a shilling of fresh taxation has yet been levied by the Federal Government. At the date of the last accounts the Senate and the House of Representatives were still disputing whether the money should be raised by a few heavy imposts or by a sweeping tariff on every article of consumption. The SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY had prepared a competing Tax Bill in place of the measure adopted by the House, and neither party appeared to think that there was any need for unusual hurry. The whole community treats the financial question with an indifferent levity which can only proceed from ignorance. An outlay of two or three hundred millions a year is not to be met by bluster, and in a short time the operations of the Treasury must be brought to a standstill. The taxes which will be imposed, and to a certain extent paid, will form but a drop in the ocean. The power of borrowing is already exhausted, and the resource of paper circulation has been employed once for all. It is true that, notwithstanding the waste occasioned by the war, the country may not be materially or permanently impoverished. The land and the industry of the inhabitants will remain, and the products of the soil will annually renew themselves if the Exchequer is bankrupt ten times over. The difference will consist in the inability of the Government to furnish pay to the soldiers, purchase-money for stores and equipments, and interest on this debt. It is possible that the impending fall in the price of gold may relieve the Government of the United States from the necessity of cheating its creditors; but long before any such change has taken place, the fiscal results of reckless extravagance will be practically felt. The laws of nature almost always prevail in the long run.

#### ADMIRERS.

THE careers of young ladies and politicians have often been compared. Both are constantly straining after admiration, both gain it by the aid of personal gifts in whose merits they have themselves but little share; both are loudly disinterested in their professions; but the prize towards which both are striving does nevertheless happen to confer upon them considerable advantages, either in point of honour or in point of money. But in respect to the

character of the admirers they require, the parallelism ceases. To the young lady all is fish that comes to her net. No matter what the quality of her admirer, his suffrage, so far as it goes, always adds something to the aggregate sum of her celebrity, and by so much raises her value in the matrimonial market. But to the politician, admiration, unless it is of the right sort, is quite as likely to discredit him as to benefit him. Nothing is so dangerous to a statesman as to be liked by people whom a great number of other people dislike. Lord PALMERSTON was seriously damaged by the EMPEROR's hospitality at Compiegne. Nothing has been so seriously detrimental to Mr. GLADSTONE as the constant panegyrics of the *Star*, and of those whom the *Star* represents in the House of Commons. It is not always easy to divine the secret thoughts of statesmen. But it is a sufficiently fair presumption, or at all events a very common one, that those who are your enemy's friends cannot be your friends too. This rough rule is apt enough to work unjustly, and to cause an accidental coincidence of opinion to be mistaken for a permanent alliance. There are few things, therefore, that a statesman has more cause to fear than misplaced admiration. Whether it has the effect of disclosing tendencies which he desires to conceal, or whether it fastens on him corollaries of policy which he would disavow, an indiscreet admirer is a far more intolerable nuisance than an acrimonious enemy.

One of the current Quarterlies furnishes a forcible illustration of this truth. If we may judge from the political position which Lord STANLEY occupies, his feelings must be anything but those of gratitude towards the enthusiastic Ultra-Liberal who has poured forth the fulsome abundance of his heart in the present number of the *Westminster Review*. In itself, without reference to the opinions it implies, the article would be disgusting enough to any man of good taste. Two sheets of such intemperate adulation have rarely made their appearance in our day. Not only Lord STANLEY, regarded from every conceivable point of view, but the house Lord STANLEY lives in, and the county in which he was born, and the constituency which he represents—all come in for their share in the genial shower of panegyric. The paper opens with a sentence which, to those whose faith in political professions is still fresh and undimmed, may perhaps seem to ring strangely in the pages of a democratic organ:—"It is doubtful whether any man 'in his senses can be sincerely indifferent to the advantages 'of high birth and exalted social position.'" But the words express so aptly the feelings with which the author of the article appears to be thoroughly imbued, that they could not have been cut out without damaging the completeness of the composition. It is not fair, however, to our public men that they should be made ridiculous by this novel species of literary flunkeyism, especially when they have done nothing to deserve it. At present, the only position in which a man is liable to be put to open shame by fulsome flattery is the chair of a public meeting upon a religious subject. Any one who has observed the amount of melted butter with which a clerical orator will besmear some luckless philanthropic lord in "returning thanks to the noble Earl 'for his able conduct in the chair,'" must have been convinced that good works, even in these days, are exposed to a kind of persecution which it requires considerable philosophy to face. But the clerical butter is a clean and pleasant unguent compared to the democratic slaver.

But it is not only for an offence to his taste that Lord STANLEY will have reason to do the reverse of blessing his uncontrollable admirer. The best-tempered player at whist can scarcely be civil to a zealous partner who insists on forcing his hand when he is playing a long game. Just at present, Lord STANLEY could probably dispense with panegyrics from the extreme left of the religious and political world. Intricate as our political complications are, and hard as it often is to understand by what process this or that man came to owe his allegiance to the particular party under whose banner he is fighting, Lord STANLEY's political position has long been the peculiar enigma of English politics. That Mr. BRIGHT should be politically classified as a supporter of Lord PALMERSTON is comical enough. That Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir G. C. LEWIS should be supposed to be enthusiastic for the same system of finance is sufficiently trying for the decorous believer in constitutional fictions. But the idea of Lord STANLEY at the head of a party of churchmen and squires would be laughed at as a paradox, if it did not happen to be a fact. No doubt whatever can be entertained of his sincerity, for he is punctiliously careful never to let slip an opportunity of proclaiming the views, which

a regard for the feelings of those with whom he votes and sits might tempt him to suppress. There is no mystery at all as to his opinions. The only mystery is as to what the *Westminster Reviewer* describes as "the bond of apparent identification with a party far behind him in general intellectual 'and political advancement.'" The Reviewer of course desires this "apparent identification" to cease as soon as possible. He sketches out another combination, of which Lord STANLEY and Mr. GLADSTONE are to be the leaders, and of which, to judge from the predilections he expresses in other parts of the Review, Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT are to be distinguished members. Such a party would satisfy the aspirations of the *Westminster Review*, and, in the judgment of those who write in it, would carry out its views. The real difficulty of such a combination would lie outside the domain of politics, in the strict sense of the word. Lord STANLEY would find it as impossible to identify himself really with Mr. GLADSTONE as with the party among whom fortune has perversely cast him. The real difficulty of his position lies in the class of questions upon which probably he enjoys the confidence of the *Westminster Review* more fully than upon any other. His speech at Lynn, in the autumn of last year, showed that upon purely political questions, his difference of opinion with his father's party was not too wide to be bridged over upon occasion. His predilections appeared to be Austrian, and he seemed to have no reluctance to shelve Reform. But there was one question upon which he went not only further than his own party, but further than the mass of moderate Liberals. His opinions upon the subject of the Church Establishment, and especially of the Irish part of it, are hardly ever to be met with in the mouths of any who are not hostile to Church Establishments altogether. Unfortunately, this class of questions is becoming more prominent every day. It will soon have no rivals left. Disputes upon finance admittedly concern only transient questions of detail. Reform controversies have almost become historical. The only permanent questions at issue are those which affect, more or less directly, the position of the Established Church. Here, and here alone, are the real materials for a struggle. On this one point Parliamentary divisions do not represent the ambitious efforts of individual men, but the deep and earnest feeling of two opposing hosts out-of-doors. And upon this point, accordingly, the political divisions of the future threaten principally to turn. Except on the one question of Church-rates, which has been brought to its present position by sheer mismanagement, the Church party is very much the strongest of the two. It includes, not only the bulk of the Conservatives, but a considerable number of the moderate Liberals, including, upon this subject only, Mr. GLADSTONE. But it is the Conservatives who have of late especially devoted themselves, in some cases from principle, in more from policy, to the defence of this particular set of institutions; and it unfortunately happens that it is precisely upon these questions that Lord STANLEY's views appear to be most extreme and most immutable. It is not to be supposed that he will ever willingly take office with a party who will probably make attachment to the Established Church their chief electioneering cry. Neither can he join with Mr. GLADSTONE, whose ecclesiastical sympathies are still more pronounced than those of Lord DERBY's party. He must reach a far lower stratum of opinion before he will come to the level of the ecclesiastical views which were expressed in his speech at Lynn. The doctrines of that manifesto belong to the atmosphere in which only Mr. BRIGHT or Mr. BAINES could breathe with comfort. But there are obvious difficulties in the way of the orator following the direction of his speech. It is one of the penalties of an accumulation of political honours in one family, that so long as the father is distinguished, the son is practically under duress.

It is in such an embarrassed position as this that admirers are peculiarly annoying. Like a small child who will describe to strangers the beauties of papa's wig, they always call attention to the very points they should ignore. It is still more disagreeable when they happen to have picked up a knowledge of the secrets which concern the object of their adulation; because in such a case they are able to convey to the outside world the impression that they enjoy his confidence, and speak under his sanction. It is bad enough to be flattered, or to have suggestions made respecting the honours that ought to be conferred on you; but it is intolerable to be suspected of any sort of complicity with the flattery or the suggestions. Almost the only dexterity the Reviewer displays is shown in the art

with which he unostentatiously parades his assumed knowledge of Lord STANLEY's anonymous writings. "Much of his work," we are told, "is done in secrecy; and only the results, without the name of the worker attached, become known to the public." And in another place he directly attributes to him particular anonymous productions in connection with Radical organs. We should not have looked upon this side of the Atlantic for so decided an anxiety to advertise the honour of being acquainted with the secrets of a lord. But it is one of the most unpleasant characteristics of the race of parasitic admirers, who are vulgarly called toadies, that they not only bring their hero into ridicule by their flattery, but expose him to the additional discredit of being suspected of encouraging the compliments which probably disgust him.

#### PRUSSIA.

UNTIL within the last few days, there was every sign that the authors of the pending crisis in Prussia would carry on with defiant and unyielding obstinacy the conflict which they had unwisely provoked. The famous Circular of M. VON JAGOW to the heads of departments and local authorities throughout the kingdom was a declaration of war against freedom of election, worthy of a functionary who had earned the dignity of Minister of the Interior by his proved activity and zeal in the humbler capacity of a provincial President of Police. The members of the Liberal majority in the dissolved Chamber were denounced by authority as the enemies of monarchical institutions; electors were exhorted on their allegiance to vote for none but Government candidates; and the whole bureaucracy, from the highest to the lowest, was ordered to show its loyalty to the Crown by procuring the return of Ministerial nominees. Every Prussian subject was declared self-convicted of revolutionary sympathies if he supported politicians who considered it part of the duty of a representative assembly to criticise budgets or to ask questions about estimates; and of course, in the great struggle between Monarchy and Democracy, the paid servants of the KING were bound to be foremost in the battle on the right side. That there might be no possible mistake about the matter, all Government *employés* of every grade were required to testify by their signatures their acceptance of the function thus cast upon them by the head of the State hierarchy. Knowing what we do of Prussian officials, we can readily believe that the task of supervising and manipulating elections would, in the main, be cheerfully undertaken and energetically performed. It is said, indeed, that certain boards of magistrates have declined to act as Ministerial electioneering agents, and the university authorities of Berlin and Bonn have had the spirit to refuse the ignominious part assigned to them; but sub-prefects and other provincial functionaries have mostly been faithful to the bureaucratic traditions of the MANTEUFFEL epoch, and shown every desire "to do their duty." In some instances, the duty seems to have been a little overdone, and even Prussian opinion has been outraged by the extravagances of irregular official zeal. We are actually told of a commander of a regiment of Landwehr calling his men together, and exhorting them, by the sacred memories of 1813, to defend their Sovereign against a domestic foe more dangerous, because more insidious, than any armed invader of the national territory. On the whole, there was every appearance, prior to the publication of the extraordinary letter of M. VON HEYDT to the MINISTER OF WAR, that the Court and Cabinet felt pretty sure of their ground, and that the struggle against the party and the policy represented by the majority on M. HAGEN's resolution would be maintained to the last extremity on the strict No-surrender principle.

All of a sudden, however, the Government has veered right round, and the conditions of the conflict are, ostensibly at least, wholly changed. In place of uncompromising resistance to the Constitutional party, concessions are announced which apparently yield the points most insisted upon by the majority of the late Chamber. We know not what foundation there may be for the strange surmise that the publication of the FINANCE MINISTER's private letter to his colleague was the result of a calculated indiscretion—an accident done on purpose; but these over-ingenious conjectures are rarely sound, and we are rather inclined to accept a simpler explanation of the incident which has just startled and amused Berlin. There is so much in the letter which seems more likely to embarrass than to strengthen the Court

party in the ensuing elections, that we are disposed to regard its appearance in the newspapers as merely showing that official secrets are not kept with invariable fidelity even by the best-drilled of all European bureaucracies. Be this, however, as it may, the document itself—about the authenticity of which no question has been raised—is a very remarkable one, both as a confession of weakness and as an implied admission of error. M. VON HEYDT tells his colleague plainly that there is not the least hope of a Government majority at the elections, unless the Liberal party can be disarmed and silenced by opportune concessions. The cry of "KING against Democracy" may be all very well in its way, but, as a practical politician, the FINANCE MINISTER sees that the game is lost if the Liberals are to be allowed to go to the country as the champions of reduced taxation and an economical military budget. The JONAH of irresponsible finance must be flung overboard, or the ship will come to grief. The increase of the army estimates, and the extra 25 per cent. of income and *Octroi* taxes, "were made use of at the last elections by the self-styled Progressist party, as a means of agitation against the Government, so as to gain over public opinion; and the composition of the Chamber recently dissolved has proved how successful they were. At the present moment, those questions are still turned to account to influence the elections; and there is reason to fear that, if suitable measures are not taken, the result will be the same." M. VON HEYDT is profoundly convinced that, "in order to push the elections in a Government sense, we must renounce, from the 1st of July, the levy of additional taxes, and make positive promises on the subject before the time fixed for the elections." Accordingly, the MINISTER OF WAR is given to understand that he must find the means of economizing, no matter how, in his department, so as to dispense with the obnoxious imposts. Other and larger concessions to the demands of the late majority are simultaneously announced in the principal Government journal. The Budgets for the present and future years are to be laid before the Chamber "in greater detail than hitherto"—the point specially contended for by the supporters of M. HAGEN's resolution—and "it is also the intention of the Government to propose extensive alleviations in the interest of the working classes, bearing upon the price of the most necessary articles of provisions." In short, it is officially acknowledged that neither coercion nor bullying will do with the Prussian constituencies. The "King's Friends" have discovered that they are likely to find themselves in a hopeless minority if they have nothing better to fight with than the KING's name. There is a real public opinion in the country in favour of the policy advocated by the majority of the late Chamber, and the only chance for the Government lies in winning over or dividing public opinion by ostensibly adopting that policy. It of course follows that the demands of the Liberal party which so grievously offended the Court were perfectly compatible with loyalty to the Crown, and with the well-understood interests of the State; and that the KING was ill-advised in dissolving his Parliament for preferring claims which are now found to be strictly legitimate. Why all this was not thought of sooner is a question which the Ministry and its organs judiciously leave unanswered.

This is undoubtedly a very significant and substantial triumph for the Constitutional party; and, if wisely improved and followed up, it may hereafter be memorable as the turning-point in the struggle of the Prussian people for Parliamentary liberties. At all events, Constitutional Government is no longer an absolute fiction in Prussia, for the mere apprehension of an adverse majority has extorted unwelcome concessions from a reluctant Executive. The Liberal leaders may well be proud of a victory which shows that they had formed no exaggerated estimate of their strength, and that they have been pursuing just and reasonable ends by fitting means. If they are wise, however, they will not build too much on a success which proves little more than that the "King's Friends" have been thoroughly frightened, and the fruits of which might be entirely lost by any relaxation of the prudent energy which they have thus far displayed. They have scored a point in the game, but that is all. If there is to be any exuberant gratitude for a boon which is confessedly offered at the very last moment to avert an otherwise inevitable defeat, the Court party may win even now; and there could not be a rasher assumption than that promises reluctantly given under the pressure of impending disaster will be faithfully kept when

the pressure is withdrawn and the Government finds itself master of a safe majority. There is no reason to believe that the Sovereign who "took his crown from the table of the Lord" has renounced or modified the dangerous theory that Royalty is divine, while Parliaments are human; and it is certain that Constitutional Government is sincerely detested by the Ministry which issued the notorious JAGOW circular. It is to be hoped that the Prussian electors will have the sense and spirit to feel that they are more than ever bound to support the men whose firm and resolute bearing has compelled a reactionary Government to court public favour by promising "extensive alleviations in the interest of the working classes;" and that they will return a Chamber which will secure and extend constitutional rights which as yet have no better guarantee than the word of an unwilling Minister. The struggle for Constitutional Government has but commenced, and the result of the coming elections will probably determine for an indefinite period the fate of the Liberal cause in Prussia and Germany.

#### GARIBALDI.

GARIBALDI'S tour in Northern Italy bears only an external resemblance to similar modes of popular agitation in England or America. Stump declaimers and demagogues trust to their eloquence for success, but GARIBALDI never affects to be an orator, even when he makes a succession of speeches. His business is to prepare the country for a future war, and his method of winning universal enthusiasm is simply to show himself. His exploits and his individual character have enabled him to establish a personal relation with his countrymen which is unexampled in modern history. If KOSSUTH had been a victorious soldier, he might have exercised equal fascination over the Hungarians, and Irishmen may form some idea of GARIBALDI'S influence if they can realize to their minds the paradoxical conception of a simple, sincere, and upright O'CONNELL. Ancient prophets and heroes, who were almost regarded as demigods in their lifetime, may have placed themselves in the same magnetic communication with their votaries. GARIBALDI is already idealized by Italian enthusiasm, and there is nothing in his bearing or conduct to dispel the patriotic illusion or exaggeration. He represents to the universal imagination the recovery of freedom, of self-respect, and of equality with the great nations of the world, and the chivalrous strangeness of his career adds a personal interest to the typical embodiment of Italian independence. Although he may not be a statesman, or even a soldier, of the highest order, it is impossible to refuse to GARIBALDI the attribute of greatness. A sound moral instinct seems to supply the place of intellectual power; and, while his theories are of the vaguest and most unsatisfactory kind, he always contrives to say the right thing at the right moment. Although he may tamper from time to time with democracy and revolution, he steadily keeps in view the indispensable duty of national union. It seems as if he only referred to MAZZINI and to an imaginary Republic for the purpose of winning support and allegiance to the Italian Kingdom. His declamations are not unfrequently illogical and inconsistent, but they always leave his hearers more impressed with the duty of abstaining from ruinous political dissensions. At Parma, GARIBALDI told the people that his Republican convictions were expressed in his devotion to VICTOR EMMANUEL; and although it might be difficult to extract a definite meaning from his words, the general tendency of his teaching was an increase of loyalty and acquiescence in the existing system.

It is difficult to overrate the present importance of GARIBALDI'S control over popular feeling. He could probably overthrow the Monarchy which he is engaged in supporting, and thousands would be ready to march at his bidding against Austria or against Rome. Almost unconsciously, he assumes a semi-royal or independent position, and he treats with Cabinets as an equal, if not as a powerful patron. The success of his unauthorized expedition to Sicily has justified his pretension to shape a policy for himself. Like JOAN OF ARC, he has placed a crown on the head of his sovereign; and the modern champion is as superior to ordinary rules as the traditional heroine of France. When GARIBALDI emerges from Caprera, the rulers of the Continent look on in uneasiness and doubt, and the Ministers of the King of ITALY are entreated, not to suppress the agitation by authority, but to persuade the lion, if possible, to retire once more to his den. It is sometimes necessary to conciliate him, not by personal favours, but by concessions to

his comrades and followers. The Government of RATTAZZI has purchased his support or neutrality by the incorporation of the volunteer regiments with the line of the army, and perhaps by more or less vague promises of future action against Austria. In return, he has quieted for the time the republican excitement which had begun to threaten the peace and safety of the country. With many democratic phrases, he has persuaded the discontented party to be quiet, and he has once more impressed the lesson that rifle clubs are better schools for the youth of Italy than political clubs and secret societies. His movements and his language, from time to time, excite reasonable alarm; but his habitual services to the national cause greatly overbalance the possible mischief which he may occasion. More than all other men, he protects Italy from a cowardly relapse, and almost alone he opposes the tyrannical pretensions of France. If the spoliation of Sardinia is ever attempted, the indignation of the famous dweller on its coasts will defeat the project of repeating the force and fraud which deprived him of a home in Nice. As long as GARIBALDI lives, Courts and diplomatists will not be allowed to trifle with the new or regenerated independence of Italy.

Another singular faculty which he possesses consists in the devotion with which he inspires the imagination of women. A political leader is powerless when he comes in collision with fanaticism and with priestly inspiration; but GARIBALDI exercises a spiritual or religious influence, and he finds eager listeners when he exhorts his female hearers to reject the doctrines which interfere with their fidelity to their country. When the priesthood systematically perverts its authority to the support of political misrule, it is allowable to preach a revolt which can only become a schism through the fault of the Church. The Roman Catholic clergy of the present day provoke disaffection and defiance whether they promote counter-revolutions in the provinces of Italy, or celebrate, with obsolete antiquarian malignity, the anniversary of a massacre of Protestants in France. Statesmen and ordinary observers contemplate Papal missives and rabid episcopal circulars with a cold and contemptuous loathing. GARIBALDI'S nature leads him rather to denounce hypocritical priests with the fiery indignation of a reforming prophet. Feminine Italy, which would be little affected by logical demonstrations, responds to the enthusiastic appeals of an impassioned teacher, and there is little doubt that the more impulsive portion of the male community will share in the reaction against corrupt superstition. It is still uncertain whether the obstinacy of the Holy See will force the best part of the Italian people into a formal secession, and it would perhaps be better that external conformity should be reconciled with practical independence; but, whatever may be the ultimate course of events, GARIBALDI'S political Protestantism is an indispensable doctrine. Grave Ministers, such as RICASOLI, probably understood more clearly the true limits of temporal and spiritual power; but there is only one voice in Italy which commands popular attention when it proclaims that degradation and enslavement condemn the ecclesiastical system of which they are the results.

It is well that GARIBALDI'S progress has not extended to Naples. In an unsettled province, disaffection might use the name of the popular hero for purposes of anarchy and disorder; and, if the troubles of the South continue, it may be advantageous to hold in reserve the potent remedy of the Liberator's influence. The KING has at last determined to pay to the South the visit which he has too long withheld; General LA MARMORA is preparing for his arrival by successes against the Bourbonist brigands; and if VICTOR EMMANUEL can make the sacrifice of tolerating a few festive receptions, he may perhaps turn Neapolitan levity into a new and convenient channel. Southern fancy may be struck by the unwonted sight of a KING who, if not altogether perfect, is not a coward, a bigot, a perjurer, or a tyrant. The successor of FERDINAND and FRANCIS can scarcely be judged by a difficult standard, and some associations of fear or admiration may still attach to the title of royalty. If, at the worst, the KING'S visit fails of its purpose, the Government may, in the last resort, pronounce the magic name of GARIBALDI. ST. JANUARIUS himself is not more blindly worshipped at Naples, and the rabble of the capital and the peasantry of the mountains would be willing to learn from the lips of the Liberator that they belong to a great country, which is only bounded by the Alps and the Sicilian sea. Inspired heroes have sometimes their uses as well as dull and solid men of business.

## CANALS IN INDIA.

THE three Reports by the late Colonel BAIRD SMITH which have been recently printed by order of the House of Commons, well deserve all the attention which has been bestowed upon them. The first of these papers is a comprehensive and, in the strictest sense, a scientific investigation of the causes which led to the sudden depression in the Indian demand for Manchester goods which was experienced in the early part of the year 1861. Our readers will remember that we commented on this Report some months since, and, for our present purpose, it is enough to sum up briefly the conclusions at which Colonel BAIRD SMITH arrived. A very careful comparison of the available statistics brought out at once the fact that the falling-off in the demand for cotton was not due to any influences of a permanent kind. The drought and consequent famine under which large districts of Bengal and the North-West Provinces had been suffering had not only impaired the capacity of the natives to purchase stocks of cotton goods, but had diverted almost all the floating capital of the country into the more profitable and more essential traffic in grain. Colonel SMITH confidently anticipated that, after a period of prolonged depression which could not but follow the prostration of the famine, the Manchester trade with India would resume its old course of gradual but steady improvement; and the prediction seems now to be in a fair way to its fulfilment. But a larger view of the whole subject revealed other and permanent hindrances to the progress of the trade in manufactured cotton. The fact forced itself at once upon the notice of the Commissioner that the limit imposed upon the reciprocal trade between Lancashire and Bengal was fixed, not so much by the poverty of the natives or the superior cheapness of their own manufacture, as by the want of adequate means of transit. Wherever communications were open by road or river, railway or canal, there the produce of English looms rapidly supplanted the productions of the native weavers; but so imperfect were these means of access to the interior that the Manchester trade had not been able to take possession of more than one-third of the field which would legitimately belong to it if practicable means of communication, and above all navigable canals, were constructed throughout the districts into which the inquiry extended. The same moral which is taught by the fluctuations of Indian trade is enforced with yet greater urgency by the investigations which follow into the causes and the means of prevention of the periodical famines to which the most fertile portion of India is exposed.

The chart of the area of the great drought and famine of 1837-8 is curiously like that which represents the similar visitation of 1861, and, in both cases, the district which suffered most severely is one which, at first sight, might be expected to be peculiarly free from such calamities. The tract of country which stretches from the borders of the Punjab to the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna at Allahabad would seem to be peculiarly favoured by having these two important rivers traversing it from end to end, at no greater distance in most parts than 50 or 60 miles; and yet it is precisely along the course of these great trunk-lines of natural irrigation that the drought was most severely felt both in 1838 and in 1861. Nature had placed the remedy side by side with the evil, and wherever the water of the rivers had been utilized by irrigation canals, rich crops were to be seen in the midst of a province which was elsewhere converted into a barren wilderness. A very considerable portion of the famine district was, in fact, saved by the imperfect system of canals already in existence. The Eastern and Western Jumna Canals, and the half-finished works of the Great Ganges Canal, with their various branches, were the chief means by which the country was preserved from almost total depopulation. A regular stream of emigration flowed from the remoter regions to the immediate neighbourhood of the irrigated land; a large tract of waste land within the range of irrigation was brought for the first time into cultivation; and though the protected area (as Colonel SMITH designates that which was preserved from utter ruin by the propinquity of a canal) bears a lamentably small proportion to the whole, it was only by the relief which it afforded that the calamity was brought within such limits as to be capable of substantial mitigation by the efforts of private charity and the generous interposition of the Government. As it was, the mortality and suffering described in the Report are appalling enough. By death

and emigration some districts lost from 10 to 20 per cent. of their inhabitants, while the gross produce of the soil fell to less than one-half of its average amount. Over the worst portion of the country, we are told, "there seemed, at first sight, no cultivation. The monotonous brown tints of the untilled soil suppressed everything else. For fifteen or twenty miles of country near Gorgaon, where Colonel SMITH had been accustomed to see wide expanses of gram, wheat, and barley growing with excellent promise, there was not a blade of green produce to be seen, excepting in the bed of some dried-up tank, or along the narrow valleys of rivers, or near the sparsely-spread wells."

Without dwelling further on the descriptions of the calamity itself, let us turn to the more cheerful consideration of the means available for preventing the recurrence of such visitations. At first sight, some of the conclusions at which Colonel SMITH arrived may appear disheartening; for it seems to be clearly established that all the water of the two great rivers would not nearly suffice, in a season of exceptional drought, for the protection from famine of the rich provinces which lie between them. It is assumed, on what appear to be reasonably sufficient data, that, if one-third of the land of a district is irrigated, the whole may be considered as protected, not indeed from scarcity in times of drought, but from the extremity of actual famine. Taking this rule as the standard, it appears that of the whole area of the Doab not more than about 10 per cent. is actually protected by the Jumna and Ganges canals; although, by the completion of the distribution channels, which were suspended after the mutiny, the ratio might be raised to more than 28 per cent. Insufficient as even this may seem, it is difficult to conceive any more imperative obligation than that which lies upon the Government of India to make the utmost of the resources which nature has provided for the mitigation of the evils which a season of drought entails upon the inhabitants of so large a portion of its territory. But, in truth, the relief would be more considerable than the figures we have quoted would lead one to suppose. The great rivers do not furnish the only, or indeed the principal, supply of water in times of drought. The area watered by permanent or temporary wells is even now as large as that which would be protected by the completion of the canals, and is more than twice the extent of the land which is actually irrigated by the Government works. The subterranean, like the surface supply, of course has its limits, and the great expense of well-irrigation leaves the field open to canals wherever it is practicable to introduce them. It is only by combining both resources, and by economizing every drop of precious water which is to be reached in seasons of drought, that any effectual safeguard can be obtained against such visitations as that of 1861. Whether absolute security is in any way attainable is perhaps, to some extent, doubtful, but Colonel SMITH seems to have been hopeful even of this; and, even though the mitigation that can be afforded should, in times of the severest trial, fall short of what could be desired, this does but render the duty more pressing of doing all that can be done to avert the consequences of periodical drought. The measures which are indicated in the Report as the essential remedies are the immediate completion of the existing works of irrigation, and especially those of the Ganges Canal—the extension of irrigation channels in every locality where a supply of water is at hand—and the construction by the proprietors of land of additional wells, both of a permanent and temporary kind.

The part of the work which falls upon the Government has been hitherto grievously, and, we must add, stupidly neglected. After all the money which has been spent on great works of irrigation, we find the Ganges Canal doing less than a quarter of the work which it might do, because the comparatively light undertaking of completing the minor channels of irrigation has been postponed as a matter of so-called economy. The main outlay has been incurred while the finishing work, which would quadruple the returns, has, with a singular want of thrift, been put off from year to year with as much indifference as if it were not vital to the interests of the inhabitants of the district, and equally so to the interests of the Indian Treasury. Colonel SMITH traces much of the mismanagement of irrigation works in India to the want of combination between the canal staff and the Revenue officers, and his argument places in a stronger light than ever the enormous pecuniary value of this class of works. In most of the estimates which have been made of the productiveness of canal expenditure, no adequate account has been taken of the increase in the

land revenue indirectly produced by irrigation works over and above the water-rent which alone figures as the direct return for the original outlay; but, in the shape either of land rent or water rent, it is placed beyond a doubt that the least successful of all the canals of India is, in reality, capable of giving most satisfactory returns. All that is asked is that the Government should exert itself in a highly profitable enterprise which would save the lives and increase the wealth of the people over which it rules. If Colonel SMITH was right in his well-considered opinion, it is possible that, by the means which he indicated, "dearth of food will cease to be among the possibilities of a period of drought;" and, as the outlay required is moderate in amount, and will assuredly prove remunerative beyond all ordinary measure of profit, it is difficult to believe that English rule in India will much longer be disgraced by the neglect of one of the first duties which the Government of such a country owes to its helpless subjects.

#### THE REPRESENTATIVE OF ENGLAND.

THE New York Chamber of Commerce has written a complimentary letter to Mr. BRIGHT, and as the member for Birmingham represents the remnant of the United States much more faithfully than he represents any but the minutest section of his own countrymen, perhaps the men of New York could scarcely have done less than they have done to express their sense of the obligations due to the English demagogue. Mr. BRIGHT, too, has written a characteristically unscrupulous reply to the flattering epistle of his American friends; and perhaps, after all the experience we have had of his domestic career, we have no right to say that he could have done anything less. There is not, we believe, a county or a borough in all England which would indorse the opinions that Mr. BRIGHT expressed on the *Trent* affair, and other episodes of the American struggle. Certainly not one Englishman in a thousand, at the critical time when the Federal Government had almost forced England into war, joined with Mr. BRIGHT in espousing the cause whose injustice was redeemed in his eyes by the fact that the insult was levelled at the country of his birth, and came from the country which has all his affection. Mr. BRIGHT was substantially alone, and he knew that he was alone, in his unpatriotic course; but now, with an effrontery which does him credit as a professional agitator, he accepts the compliment of the Transatlantic flatterer who salutes the frog as a bull, and assures his New York friends that he has not mistaken or misrepresented the true sentiments of the great majority of his countrymen, and that the compliment which he ought to be ashamed to receive is, in truth, a compliment to the British people.

It is not necessary to discuss the question whether Mr. BRIGHT or his countrymen be right in their views; but even if we are all wrong, and he alone right, this does not justify the assertion addressed to a foreign nation, that he virtually represents the people of England. Mr. BRIGHT's policy has all along been openly declared to be uncompromising adherence to the Northern side of the American dispute. So far has he carried his partisanship that he was content to throw his peace theories to the winds, in his admiration for the authors of a fratricidal war. He was ready, too, though this probably cost him less effort, to recommend abject submission on the part of England to an insult which Mr. SEWARD himself admitted to be unjustifiable. To combine ALVA with the Quaker was reserved for one who would, with equal eye, see Savoy perish and Charleston streets run with an ABEL's blood. "These are the views which Mr. BRIGHT has advocated with his utmost energy, and without an attempt to disguise or gild them. How far they accord, as Mr. BRIGHT asserts, with the sentiments of the great majority of his countrymen, the history of the last year sufficiently testifies. England has been as resolute to preserve neutrality as Mr. BRIGHT has been to break it. On the *Trent* question, the country was calm, unanimous, and determined. A Ministry not otherwise too strong has been sustained mainly by the fidelity with which it has given effect to the national feelings, both in avoiding any favour to either party to the American quarrel, and in enforcing reparation for the wrong which the meek Mr. BRIGHT would have endured, as he would have endured anything at the hands of his Republican friends. It matters very little, on ordinary occasions, whether Mr. BRIGHT indulges to a greater or less extent in his taste for perverting the truth, but it is a grave offence to assume

to be the representative of a people who have almost to a man scouted his opinions as equally un-English and unfair. It is a common device for orators to assume that a doubtful or hostile audience is prepared to go with them in the views they advocate; but what is regarded as a pardonable licence in a rhetorical speech becomes something worse when it is solemnly asserted in a deliberate epistle addressed to foreigners as a formal testimony to English opinion.

After his first sweeping claim to be the exponent of the country whose acts he has denounced, it is almost superfluous to notice the minor inaccuracies of Mr. BRIGHT's statement. He believes, or at least professes to believe, that there is no other country in which men have been so free or so prosperous as in the United States; and though, now that the freedom, such as it was, is gone, and the prosperity is gone too, even Mr. BRIGHT has the decency to speak in the past tense, he must know that the great majority of Englishmen are convinced that their own constitution is one of greater freedom than the United States in its happiest times could boast. The revulsion which he produced against Reform by his incessant appeals to the example of America must have taught him that his doctrines in this matter were never shared by the country at large; and we doubt if he could, even in Birmingham, fill a room with enemies of the British Constitution so extravagant as to proclaim with him that "there is no other 'political constitution' than that which has broken down in America, 'in the preservation of which the human race 'is so deeply interested.'" To have suspended the Habeas Corpus Act, to have annihilated the freedom of the press, and to propose to hang political enemies by the score, constitute a triumph of liberty which demands rather a Madame ROLAND's indignant apostrophe than Mr. BRIGHT's adulation.

We do not dispute Mr. BRIGHT's right to speak for himself, but, though in other respects not unlike ANACHARSIS CLOOTZ, he is not the Orator of the British race. In one sense, though quite a non-natural one, it may be less inaccurate to say that "an overwhelming majority of the 'people of the United Kingdom will rejoice at the complete restoration of the American Union.'" It is true that the untoward events which precipitated an inevitable rupture were sincerely regretted by most Englishmen, and that, independently of the strong interest which we had in preventing our best customers and our best providers from cutting each other's throats, there was a deep feeling of horror at the idea of such a war as is supposed by all on the other side of the Atlantic, and by Mr. BRIGHT on this, to be a glorious vindication of eternal principles of right. But it is as far as possible from the truth to say that Englishmen desire to see one half of a kindred nation crushed and enslaved by the other. The success of the Federal Government which is represented as commanding the best wishes of England means, in the mouths of Mr. BRIGHT and his Transatlantic correspondents, the government by martial law of the Southern States. Twenty million men holding eight million of their brother-citizens in absolute subjection appears, to the minds of most Englishmen, an anomaly in the Constitution which the human race are supposed to be so much interested to preserve. To gain so very equivocal a benefit to humanity, the waste of life and property, the subversion of all political and social rights, the censorship of the press, the suppression of independent opinion, the annihilation of commerce, and the impoverishment of a great country are thought by men of less strength of mind than Mr. BRIGHT to be almost too heavy a price to pay. Reunion in feeling as well as in name between the opposing sections of the once United States would be acceptable enough to all among us; but Mr. BRIGHT is alone in his anxiety to see freedom utterly extinguished from the Potomac to the Gulf of Mexico, and in his belief that the domination of the North can ever result in the permanent reestablishment of a united Government. Every additional report which arrives of bloody conflicts, of Federal victories, or Confederate reprisals, only confirms sober-minded lookers-on in the conviction that the breach between North and South can never be healed, and that the only hope of prosperity for either lies in the prospect of a final separation. They may not for some time make good neighbours, but they will never again become good citizens of a common country. It would be a more hopeful experiment for a man to remarry a divorced wife than for the Federals and Confederates to attempt to live in harmony under a Constitution in which each should be left

free. But in truth New York dreams of no such Utopian result. With the Northerners, success means, not the restoration of a Constitutional Union, but the crushing of traitors, and the final subjection of the whole slaveholding community; and this is assuredly not a result which would be welcomed here with the smallest satisfaction. We doubt its feasibility, if the South has still the heart to prolong its resistance, and only partisans as blind as Mr. BRIGHT can fail to see that the tyranny of one section of the people over the other would, while it lasted, be as pernicious to the masters as the slaves. The character of the North is not such as to be improved by dominion over a race of conquered rebels, and still less is the temper of the South compatible with the permanent submission to which Mr. BRIGHT looks forward as the one thing needed to perfect the American constitution. A separation between States which are incapable of living in union with each other, on terms which shall be equitably adjusted, is the only conceivable termination of the war which would not entail lasting injury on both parties to the struggle; and when Mr. BRIGHT is next tempted to take the name of England in vain, we trust that he will not ignore the existence of a conviction which perhaps no man in the country but himself altogether repudiates.

## DONS.

IT is said that a German traveller in this country once summed up the character of a deceased English academical dignitary in the words, "*Der Quintessenz des Donnismi.*" The queer formation was probably unavoidable. Even the flexible powers of the High-Dutch tongue might fail to produce a compound which fully expressed the idea conveyed by "*der Donnismus.*" It is hard to guess why we should have got hold of a Spanish title to express a type of character which most certainly is purely English. Or it may be that the breed, extinct elsewhere, survives only in England. The conditions of mediæval society must have been highly favourable to the development of Dons. A great Benedictine Abbot, in any time or place, must have had a strong tendency to grow into a Don. To be sure, some such Abbots had a way of going and living at Paris much in the manner of fashionable young gentlemen; but a respectable, stay-at-home Lord Abbot, punctiliously discharging his official duties, and punctiliously exacting his official rights, must have been a Don on the most magnificent scale. We have no Benedictine Abbots left, but the type of character which Benedictine Abbots produced still flourishes among us in all its fulness.

The Don is a very curious animal. His peculiar attributes differ a good deal from those of any other of the various embodiments of pride and vanity. There is pride of birth, there is pride of wealth, there is personal haughtiness, there is mere personal self-conceit, and there is the deference which old age expects for itself, and which, within reasonable limits, all well-disposed people are ready to give to it. Now none of these, though some of them are very offensive, are exactly what we understand by donnishness. A Don may easily combine any of them with his donnishness, but the donnishness itself is something different from any of them. It is essential to donnishness that the assumption of dignity should be on grounds rather official than personal. It is this which makes donnishness so amusing. One constantly laughs at a mere Don—one is seldom seriously offended with him. As soon as direct personal assumption is combined with it, it becomes a much more serious matter. It is also desirable that the importance of the office whose possession gives birth to donnishness should be greatly overrated by its holder, and that there should be a certain degree of unconsciousness of the general opinion of the outer world. Donnishness, in short, is a weakness rather than a vice; it excites laughter rather than anger; it is quite compatible with the possession of many sterling virtues. Nothing hinders a Don from being thoroughly just, liberal, and kind-hearted. The only pity is that the virtues of a Don are generally known to comparatively few. From most eyes they are commonly concealed by the impenetrable armour of donnishness.

Donnishness, then, being official rather than personal self-sufficiency, may exist in official life of any sort. And no doubt donnishness of some kind does exist wherever there are such things as seniors and juniors, official superiors and official inferiors. A judge, a captain of a ship, a senior physician, may all be Dons if they please; and so may the higher walks of any official hierarchy whatever. An old-standing Duke may be offensively proud of his rank, but his pride will take another form from donnishness. Yet it is quite possible that a newly-created Baron may put on something of the conscious self-assumption of the Don. There may be and are Dons in all these walks of life, but they are generally Dons of an imperfect and only half-developed kind. Men in any sort of public life are thrown among men with whom they stand in no official relation, and on whom donnishness would be wasted. To get the full development of the Don, he must live wholly in a world of donnishness. There are Dons in all callings; but the truest and most perfect Dons are to be found in the ecclesiastical order, and, above all, among the dignitaries of the Universities.

To give a Don full scope for his energies, he ought to live in a society in which he never comes across his fellow-creatures except as official superiors, equals, or inferiors. This, it will be at once

seen, is far more nearly the case with the clergy than with any other class of official or professional men, and it reaches its fullest development among residents in the Universities. Hence, the genuine Don is to be looked for most abundantly among the clergy, and, above all, among academical dignitaries. The priesthood is by law indelible; it exists at all times and in all places; it cannot be laid aside and taken up again, like official dignities of other sorts. Add to this the fatal effects of a distinctive costume. The badges of other callings are largely laid aside in common social intercourse; but the humblest curate thinks himself unworthy of his order if he appears at your table without a distinctive waistcoat, while a bishop or dean appears in all the splendour of that marvellous dress which distinguishes the high-priest when out of the temple. It needs either much natural daring or the hardihood of long familiarity, to exchange jokes with a man in a short apron and with a brilliant pair of gold buckles. And we should suppose *a priori* that the mere putting on of such ornaments carried with it, to say the least, a temptation to arrange the countenance and the diction in a manner appropriate to the dress. Of course the temptation may easily be overcome by natural good sense, or by experience of the world; but surely it exists. It may be constantly neutralized by associating with people who do not stand in any sort of official relation; but it must constantly occur to the dignitary at those moments when he is surrounded only by the inferior members of his own order. From a Dean, for instance, practising graceful condescension towards a Minor Canon, the step is very slight to the genuine Don of the academical world.

We say the academical world, because a University is, to those to whom University life is all in all, so thoroughly a world in itself. There is hardly any position of life in which a man can so thoroughly, if he chooses, shut himself up within the bounds of the place where he lives and the objects which form his daily business. We say, where he can do so if he pleases; of course multitudes of academical residents do nothing of the kind, but the opportunity and the temptation stand ready. Here, then, is the great field for the creation of Dons. Nowhere are the distinctions of age and office so strongly drawn. Nowhere, therefore, is a man so strongly tempted to value himself upon age and office—in other words, to become a Don. The Fellow is tempted to make himself a Don to the Undergraduates, and the Head to make himself a Don to the Fellows. In the case of the Fellows, indeed, there seems to have been a reaction against the absurd distinctions which, twenty years back, separated a very young man from one who was three or four years younger still. And possibly the great academical revolution which deposed the body of Heads from their corporate supremacy may have done somewhat to make them understand that men whom the constitution makes their equals in point of authority may possibly be fit to be their equals socially. Neither form of donnishness is quite so rampant as it was some years back, but the breed of Dons is far too native a product of the soil ever to be altogether rooted up. A Head of a College must be a very extraordinary man if he resists the temptation to donnishness. And Heads of College are not generally extraordinary men. They are most commonly elected precisely because they are very ordinary men. An old resident Fellow lies under nearly the same temptations to grow, if possible, into a still greater Don than the Head. His dignity is less universally recognised, and it therefore stands in need of a more vigorous assertion on his own part. Even a very young Fellow will sometimes grow into an insufferable Don. But in this last case some degree of personal assumption will mingle with the official self-importance; he is rather a prig than a real Don. Self-assumption towards a man's equals in age and position is mere personal self-conceit; but true donnishness is the conscious and conscientious assertion of strictly official dignity. The true Don is pervaded with a sense of his own greatness, not so much in himself, as because he holds a certain office. He arranges his dress, his demeanour, his language, his very countenance, in such forms as seem to him best to agree with the greatness of which he is the bearer. There is a conscious, one might say, a got-up dignity about every word, look, and action. His language is nicely chosen. It is inconsistent with his greatness to call things by the same names as are used by inferior men. To be sure, an ill-chosen donnishness of diction may sometimes drive a man into the very vices which he most earnestly wishes to avoid. For instance, a Don once addressed an undergraduate who was smoking in the quadrangle—"I must request you to take that weed out of your mouth." The Don no doubt knew the word cigar, but it was beneath him to use it; he would not be thought to know aught of tobacco except as a noxious and nameless weed; and so his very dignity led him by misadventure into a piece of slang. Another worthy, or the same, by solemnly remarking, "There is a very pleasant beverage which the college servants call ginger-beer," laid himself open to the retort from a merrier companion, "Then, I suppose, you know it by the name of imperial pop." The true Don, then, picks his words, luckily or unluckily. He often affects a dignified ignorance of things and persons with which the rest of the world is familiar, but which are not thought to be great enough for him to know anything about them. In the good old Hebdomal times, the Heads literally never saw anybody but each other. Each Head dined all the other Heads in turn; and this was the full amount of their social intercourse, save that each Head honoured his own Tutors by an invitation to the divine banquet. This extreme state of things has passed by; but still the man donnishly given has every temptation to make himself officially great. Personally, he is probably small. Perhaps he is elected because he is a good burser, and can look after the college estates. Perhaps he is

elected directly because of his insignificance, to preserve the peace of a college divided between the claims of two really able men. At most, he is one of those discreet favourites of fortune who rise, step by step, by dint of a decorous solemnity and a cautious avoidance of extremes. He is, in short, a small man placed in what is really a small position, but which he is officially bound to look on as a great one. His business, therefore, is to make himself as great as possible. Perhaps he thinks it great to quarrel about some trifle with the very friends who elected him. Perhaps he thinks it dignified to become grand and distant towards other friends who, everywhere else, would be looked on as at least his equals. He is commonly courteous—it is only a few of the very worst class of Dons who are ever actually rude—but it is a stately courtesy, a magnificent, sometimes a rather awkward condescension, meant, no doubt, to be like the graceful behaviour of a king to his subjects. Alas, to our irreverent minds, the ponderous courtesy of a Don generally suggests the widely different image of an elephant dancing on a tight-rope.

Donnishness, we have said, is quite consistent with many virtues. Tear off the Don's buckram, thaw his ice, goad him out of his dignity, and he is almost always a respectable and honourable man at the bottom. He would not personally do an unjust or shabby thing for the world. He never sins but officially, and then he commonly sins through sheer ignorance of the commonest ways of the world. What then shall we do with our Dons, such worthy men, so thoroughly spoiled by their position? It is hard to say. There is indeed one remedy, which has occurred to more than one speculative mind. But it is a remedy so fearful that we can barely hint at it, and we would not for the world be thought to commit ourselves to it. Yet we cannot help recording the fact that some daring innovators have ventured to ask the question, "Would not the Universities go on just as well without any Heads of Houses at all?"

#### HARBOUR DEFENCES.

IT was only last Saturday that we were obliged to acknowledge that, for the time, "the batting had beaten the bowling" in the great match between guns and plates of armour. The attack had been so completely baffled by the defence that the public seemed to regard the question as settled for evermore. Henceforth, fortifications were to be in vain, and nothing was to prevent iron-clad vessels from entering any harbour in the world, unless, indeed, they were fairly shouldered out by the dead resistance of a ship of superior size standing in the way. We did not, indeed, acquiesce in this conclusion, but urged, as the real moral from the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, that every possible endeavour should be made to produce guns throwing, if necessary, shot of 1000 lbs. weight, so as to restore the superiority of artillery over armour. This was on Saturday. On Tuesday the aspect of the affair was once more entirely changed. The bowling had beaten the batting, and things stood as they had stood before the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* were heard of.

The fact is, that, during the last year, Sir William Armstrong has been constructing a gun intended, when rifled, to carry a bolt of 300 lbs., but no experiments have as yet been tried with it with reference to this object. On Tuesday morning, however, its powers were tested of projecting a spherical shot of one-half the above-mentioned weight, and the greatest interest and anxiety were felt by the numerous gentlemen assembled to witness the experiment, to see whether, at 200 yards, such a shot would penetrate the *Warrior* target or would rebound from it, as shot of still greater weight had rebounded from the sides of the *Monitor*, "like hailstones off a tin roof." The target consisted of solid wrought-iron plates, four-and-a-half inches thick, with a strong backing of teak and an inner casing of wrought iron, nearly an inch in thickness—thus exactly representing the sides of the *Warrior*, and being the strongest target that has hitherto been made the subject of experiment.

The gun, which was placed on the ground in its rough state, before it had been proved or furnished up, and consequently was of a dingy yellow colour, looked of monstrous size; and as it rested on its platform in the mud under the drizzling rain, it put one forcibly in mind of the great Saurians in the gardens of the Crystal Palace. It had not been sighted, and the aim had to be taken by means of a theodolite: but this was at length accomplished. The gun was charged with 40 lbs. of powder (of which more anon), the bugle sounded the warning to everyone to seek shelter from the chance of the gun bursting, and from splinters; and at last the lanyard was pulled. The shot, which could be distinctly seen as it sprang through the air, struck the bull's-eye, and every one rushed eagerly to the spot to learn the result—none running quicker through the mud than the Dukes of Somerset and Cambridge. In a moment it was evident that a problem of extraordinary interest was solved. A large ragged round hole was visible where the bull's-eye had been. The shot, indeed, had been smashed to atoms, and had not gone through the backing, but had torn and splintered it to such an extent that the naval men present declared that, with two or three such blows, the fate of any ship would be settled. The second shot was fired at the same spot. It struck a little on one side, but completed the destruction which the first shot had caused, tearing the timber still more to pieces, and rending up the inner iron casing which completed the defence, as if it had been torn paper. Without seeing the target no one can imagine the extraordinary sight it presented. The mass of iron looked as if no power on earth could have perforated it; and the idea of its impenetrability was not di-

minished, but increased, by the numerous deep dints made in its surface by previous experiments with 68 lb. shot. But, massive as it was, it had been torn and twisted by the shot that had gone through it, and great cracks ran up from the hole, while within it the iron splinters had been buried deep in the wood, and actually the wooden splinters seemed in some places to have been dashed into the iron. Half an hour afterwards, the fragments within were still hot to the hand—a striking illustration of the transmutation of motion into heat.

But though much had been done, more still remained to do. Without the ball going clean through the timber backing, there might still be hope for the ship. It was determined, therefore, to increase the charge of powder by 10 lbs. This was done, and two more shots were fired at a hitherto unshaken part of the target. Nothing could be more decisive than the result. In each case, the ball punched a clean round hole through the wrought-iron front, pierced the timber backing, and buried its fragments in some wood-work behind. So neatly did it do its work that, at a yard or two off, the edges of the hole seemed to be clean cut out; yet the timber at the back was not only penetrated but severely shaken, and the iron bolts were in several cases broken off by the concussion. In short, there was no doubt in the mind of any one who witnessed the experiment that ships clad in the strongest armour yet known could be destroyed at short ranges, by shot weighing no more than 150 lbs.

The first question that naturally arose was, whether a gun of such enormous weight could be placed on board ship, and though some hesitation seemed to be felt in assenting to this on the part of one or two great authorities, no doubt at all seemed to be felt by the leading naval men who were present. Of course, it could not be put on board any ship not constructed expressly for the purpose; but it seems plain enough that in future ships will only be constructed to carry three or four guns, though these will be of immense calibre, while the ships, though clad, of course, in iron, will perhaps be protected by offering the smallest possible surface to the enemy rather than by defensive armour. There is, however, one invaluable advantage which armour still affords, and of which, in all probability, it will not be deprived. It is as yet entirely shell-proof; and on the enormous advantage which this gives we need not expatiate. In fact, with the great development in late years of the destructive power of shells, the boldest might have looked forward with horror to naval warfare, if these terrific missiles could not be kept out. There is some talk, indeed, of attaching shells to the rear of the shot, but at present no progress has been made in carrying out this speculation. Yet, harmless as they are against an ironside, we must do the shells the justice to say that the practice with them was as goodly a sight as a man need wish to see. After the roar of the gun came the stroke of the shell upon the target, with a rush of flame and a report scarcely less than that of the cannon itself; and then the two thick white lumps of smoke floated away in company over the sea.

Our readers will naturally inquire how it was that while, in the late battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, shot of 180 lbs. weight hopped off the armour like hailstones, at Shoeburyness balls of 30 lbs. less weight pierced the iron plates like paper. In the first place, there is reason to believe that the American balls were hollow, instead of solid. This is not indeed mentioned by any American authority, but is the conclusion drawn by practical men from the bore of their guns, as to which we are informed. But the main reason of the difference seems to be in the amount of powder used. It is probable that the American balls were projected by not more than 12 or 14 lbs. of powder, while, as we have mentioned, the gun fired on Tuesday was charged first with 40 and afterwards with 50 lbs. And the decided conclusion came to by scientific men is that, for short-range practice, very far greater advantage is gained by increasing the initial velocity, which is due to the powder, than by increasing the weight of the ball. Accordingly, the engineers are now rather aiming at increasing the powder—in other words, the velocity—than at increasing the mass of the cannon-ball. This conclusion seems to have been only lately come to by the authorities, but the experiments of last Tuesday put an end to all practical doubt on a matter which was long since scientifically ascertained. In fact, at the end of the day, several shot were fired weighing 200 lbs. a-piece with 12 lbs. weight of powder; but while the balls weighing one quarter less, but fired with four times the amount of powder, had gone clean through the target, these huge balls scarcely defaced its surface with a dent an inch deep—not deeper, in fact, than that which had been made by the shells.

One of the grand disputes that still rage among the authorities is that between rifled guns and smooth bores. Without entering into the depths of this controversy, those of our readers who have not studied the subject may care to have its outline briefly explained. The advocates of smooth bores, who have of late been in the ascendant, maintain that a spherical shot is necessarily smaller in proportion to the powder behind it than a long bolt of the same weight; and we need hardly say that the former is the shot appropriate to a smooth bore—the latter to a rifle. It will be evident to any one—to take an extreme case—that a tube holding a pencil would give room for far less powder at the back of the pencil and in immediate contact with it, than a tube holding a round ball of the same weight. Consequently, it is argued that the spherical ball must start with greater velocity, and, therefore, possess the advantage of which we spoke just now over the bolt of the rifled gun; and the truth of this has been amply confirmed by experiment. But, on the other side, it is affirmed that if the gun were rifled, and the bolt were made short and stumpy,

nearly the same amount of powder could be exploded in its rear, while the prevention of windage would more than compensate for any deficiency of powder, and for the friction of the ball in sliding through the grooves. To turn to another point, on which further progress is expected, it has hitherto been found nearly useless to employ very large quantities of powder, because the ball is gone before the whole of the powder has caught fire. There is now, however, some hope of a species of powder being invented which would ignite with much greater rapidity; but there is the difficulty in this case, which prevents the use of gun-cotton and other fulminating materials, that, if the explosion be too rapid, then, before the *vis inertia* of the ball is overcome, the gas will have its way, and may burst the gun in its hurry. There must be time for the ball to begin moving before the whole of the explosion is completed.

Another point on which there is great difference of opinion is whether it is best to aim at penetrating the sides of iron-clad ships, or at smashing and dislodging their plates, so as, in Wolsey's words, to "leave them naked to their enemies," in the shape of shells. It might be more damaging to a ship to have two or three large shells exploding inside than to be penetrated by solid shot, which would be of little avail unless they struck at, or below, the water line; and even in that case it might be found possible to plug the hole. On the other hand, even if some of the plates had been knocked away, it would require extraordinary skill, and smooth water too, to hit precisely that small exposed portion of the enemy's ship; and if it were divided into compartments, even the bursting of the largest shells might do no ruinous damage. Those who take the side of the shells would fire very large shot with comparatively small charges, so as to give as broad a blow as possible, and thus start the bolts and rivets. Those who are on the side of penetration care little for the size of the ball compared with its velocity. For our part, if we may venture to hold an opinion on such a point, we should think that the sharpest blow would, upon the whole, be the most likely to injure the enemy; and this, as we have already shown, is given by velocity rather than by mass.

It is, perhaps, rather mortifying to be thrown back to these old controversies instead of expatiating, as Mr. Gregory did in the debate on this subject, upon the mighty results that seemed likely to flow from the invulnerability of men of war. Had it turned out that they could not be touched, not only would our fortifications, and indeed all marine fortifications, have come to an end, but our position in North America, and at Gibraltar, Malta, and Corfu, might have been essentially changed. But these fears are over now. We have no hesitation in saying that every one who witnessed the experiments of last Tuesday with the 150 lb. shot felt the conclusion to be irresistible that, whether on a fort or on a cupola vessel, the gun would hold its own against any armour-plated vessel that should venture near it. But the question of the relative value of forts, as compared with iron-clad ships and rams, for the defence of harbours, is by no means absolutely settled. There is great doubt whether guns of very much larger calibre can be made; and this 300 pounder would itself probably be useless at five, perhaps at four hundred yards. Should this prove so, the proposed forts at Spithead could not injure an enemy's ship if it amused itself by shelling the dockyards at from three to four miles off; but they could prevent its passing up the channel to a nearer range. At Plymouth, the forts would keep an enemy's ship away from any practicable range for shells. We will, however, be prudent enough to defer prophesying till a few more data have been ascertained; and will content ourselves meanwhile with hoping for the fulfilment of a prediction solemnly made to us by a workman who was sheltered with us in one of the casemates. "Sir," said he, "them guns, as a matter of course, must bring on the Millennium. Why don't ye see, if a man know that if he came against me, I should smash him, why, as a matter of course, he'd keep the peace, and then that'll be the Millennium!"

#### SURGICAL SCIENCE FOR THE MILLION.

DR. JOHN BROWN tells a story in *Hors' Subsecivæ* about Opie the painter. An inquisitive visitor asked him, "Pray, Sir, how do you mix your colours?" "With brains, Sir!" was the gruff rejoinder. One would imagine that Mr. Thackeray's successor in the management of the *Cornhill* had taken Opie's reply in its literal sense, and, in selecting ingredients for the composition of the April number, had thrown in an abundant supply of "Brains, Sir!" There is not only "The Brain and its Use," but there is "First Beginnings," also dealing with that organ. "The Brain and its Use" is written in a thoughtful spirit by one who is master of his subject. We have not a word to say against it. But why should another essay, very similar in topic though not in tone, run in couples with it in the same number? Nor is this all. Other articles suggestive of the surgeon or the apothecary figure in the same bill of fare. We have a treatise on "Firedamp and its Victims," a sketch of "The Inner Life of a Hospital," and a discourse upon "Growing Old." In fact, half the magazine presents a depressing aspect. Not that we find fault with the generality of the articles taken separately—some of them are really excellent. It is the lugubrious *tout ensemble* of the table of contents of which we complain. Possibly the intention is to show a tribute of respect to Mr. Thackeray on his retiring from the management. But the funeral attire, though conspicuous enough, is little more than an outer garment. For example, "First Beginnings," rich in grim anecdotes and unpleasant suggestions, exhibits traces of easy jocu-

larity and gentlemanly humour. We suppose this is philosophy in sport made science in earnest, but, after all, the *cui bono* suggests itself. The ostensible object of "First Beginnings" is to teach you how to know when you are going mad, or otherwise "coming to grief" in the brain. But the main intention evidently is to interest and amuse, and we therefore wish the writer would exercise his talents on a less painful subject. No doubt short cuts to knowledge are popular. Young people are beguiled into acquiring facts, and tricked into an acquaintance with science. Hard work to strengthen the intellect and exercise the memory is out of fashion save when a course of cramming is necessary for the attainment of a special object. We doubt, however, whether average men and women will be either the better or the wiser for a vague smattering of anatomical science or a superficial acquaintance with the obscurer forms of disease. The horrors of the dissecting room—the repulsive details of the various maladies to which flesh is heir—these have a deep, and even solemn, interest to the earnest student. But the mass of mankind cannot be earnest students. Their hands are full. They cannot afford the time to drink deep of science, but must sip and pass on. Horrible and repulsive details interest them indeed, but interest them because they are horrible and repulsive, just as an execution, or any other painful spectacle, possesses a fascination for men who have little else to interest or amuse them.

There are some persons, indeed, who think it a wholesome thing to sup full of horrors. There are parents who think it a duty to put their children in the way of witnessing painful or distressing spectacles. In a tale by Mrs. Sherwood, a pious father, without a word of previous warning, conducts his young people across a solitary moor to a wild and desolate spot where the children become sensible of a dreadful odour. This is presently accounted for by the spectacle of a gibbet from which hangs in chains the body of a murderer in a state of decomposition. Of course the judicious parent "improves" the occasion, by cautioning his terrified children that, unless they curb their evil passions, they will each and all of them attain to the "bad eminence" of the ghastly figure swinging in the air above them. We recollect a young lad being introduced, though from a different motive, to the *arcana* of a surgical museum. It was intended, partly as a holiday treat, partly to familiarize him with some of the more painful phases of human experience. The museum was a remarkable one. Besides the usual coloured drawings of curious cases in surgery, and the array of glass bottles with preparations floating in spirits, there was a collection of objects perfectly unique of its kind, forming a tangible record of a brutal murder committed in the neighbourhood. There was the skeleton of the murderer, a plaster of Paris cast of his countenance taken after execution, the fractured skull of the woman whom he murdered, and the rope with which he was hung. Finally, there was a full account of the trial neatly bound up in the skin of the murderer! The effect of this holiday treat on the mind of an unsophisticated lad was not quite what was anticipated—nights of horror, dreams of agony, and days spent in dreadful anticipation of them. So much for a well-meant attempt to brace and strengthen the nerves and impart an insight into the marvels of "the house we live in."

"First Beginnings" is written, as we have said, for an object. It is ostensibly intended to enable you to ascertain, with a comfortable degree of certainty, when your brain is softening, or apoplexy is imminent. There is much more madness in the world, we are told, than anybody is aware of. This we can quite believe, but we confess we were not aware that "it is said" Bishop Butler struggled all his life against a secret tendency to madness. Retaining an old-fashioned respect for Butler, we should be glad to be more clearly informed by whom "it is said" that he waged this terrible warfare. There is an old story that the Bishop, in conversation with his chaplain, once speculated whether nations, like persons, might not on occasions go insane in a body. But we presume this does not prove that the Bishop only just escaped in his own person a danger which he thought he saw hanging over a whole people.

Suicidal tendencies are then treated with an easy flow of humour. Only we think the story of Voltaire and his "lavement" rather more suitable for a lecture at Guy's or Bartholomew's than for the pages of a magazine intended to lie on the drawing-room table. The anecdotes that follow are various in style—alarming, discouraging, curious, entertaining, scientific. A gentleman out shooting is suddenly seized with the "dreadful symptom" of double vision. He sees eight dogs when only four are present. Discovering that he labours under delusion, he mounts his horse and rides home—which we should have thought the best thing he could do—but "he had not been long there before he was attacked with apoplexy and died." This is rather disheartening, for though the writer explains that he ought to have been "treated in the field," it is not very easy to understand how and by whom. Another unfortunate man complains of a feeling in both hands "as if the skin were covered with minute and irritating particles of dust." He perpetually washes his hands to remove the imaginary annoyance, but in due time is also attacked with apoplexy and also dies. Another thinks his stockings are full of dirt and stones, and is presently seized with paralysis. Further indications of coming trouble are communicated. One man takes to purchasing bad pictures. Another makes what the writer terms "laughable blunders"—e.g., he calls a pudding a pie. Some cannot remember the names of friends, the day of the week, or number of the day of the month; some forget to keep their appointments; some mislay their papers; others leave their letters unfinished. A slight thickness of utterance, an eyebrow a little awry, a queer expression about the mouth, are some among many

premonitory signs of mischief brewing. These particulars may possibly be useful at some time or other to some person or other. But, on the other hand, is there no danger of their doing more harm than good in a much larger number of cases? Nervous ladies and gentlemen read the graphic delineations in the *Cornhill*, and exclaim, in agony of mind, "Those are precisely my symptoms!" Notions are put into their head which otherwise never could have got there. Attention is morbidly concentrated on particular organs. The smallest irregularity, the faintest sensation out of the common, plunges the patient in profound dejection, or tortures him with the anguish of secret anxiety. It is not a stray magazine article, however, that can do much harm—it is the system of plying the public with highly seasoned fare, medical or surgical, of which we question the advantage and doubt the propriety.

Itching of the hands or feet is, according to the *Cornhill*, one of the symptoms of impending apoplexy. But taken by itself, without reference to the general condition of health, the sensation might simply indicate disordered digestion, or a tendency to chilblains. A mania for purchasing bad pictures is at least as prevalent as a mania for purchasing good ones. Blunders in conversation, or even in public speaking, are not uncommon. An M.P. accidentally alludes to the Premier as "the noble Viscount the member for Palmerston." A laugh is sure to follow. But the Sergeant-at-Arms does not immediately send a telegraphic message for Dr. Conolly. Absence of mind is a common infirmity. La Bruyère describes a man playing dice, who asked for a glass of wine, and on receiving it flung the wine on the table, put the dice-box to his lips, and almost swallowed the dice before he discovered his mistake. But for all that the man was not mad. To forget appointments, especially those of an unpleasant nature, is a weakness exceedingly common. To mislay papers, especially when the papers are unpaid bills, is not an unusual infirmity. To omit to answer a letter is sometimes rude, but often convenient when an awkward favour is solicited. In short, if the instructions in the *Cornhill* are literally interpreted—and it must be often difficult for unprofessional minds to draw a line of accurate discrimination—a man whose temperament is a trifle nervous, and whose memory is either none of the best, or overtaken, can scarce pass a day without laying himself open to ugly suspicions, and bringing himself unexpectedly within reach of the surgeon's lancet, or the *lasso* of the smooth-spoken proprietor of the Hermitage, "licensed to receive twenty male and twenty female patients." A casual stutter, an ill-considered wink of the eye, an unsymmetrical quiver of the upper lip, will be enough to render the wretched man an object of lively, but unpleasant, interest to his family and friends. His wife's near relations drop in quite accidentally twice a-day, and an ill-looking fellow—ostensibly hired to assist the butler, but in reality a loan from the Hermitage—is perpetually skulking about the front hall, or stumbling over the boots in "master's" dressing-room. Kind friends endeavour to keep the suspected lunatic in good temper by continually smiling in his face, and assenting to everything he says. Domestic servants fawn upon him in the sitting-room with offensive humility, but are heard laughing noisily over "master's" oddity of manner the moment they are outside the door. Tradesmen eye him with peculiar significance, and the very housedog appears to take the alarm, and declines, with evident regret, but great firmness of manner, to continue on the same familiar footing as of yore. Razors are nowhere to be found, and the bedroom window becomes suddenly incapable of opening more than three inches and a half. In short the poor man will speedily realize the fact that a suspicion of madness either finds a man mad or makes him so.

In all cases of apparent change of manner or newly-developed eccentricity, it is well to bear in mind that men whose way of life may seem monotonous enough, and running in a common groove, have oftentimes their secret cares and unrevealed anxieties. Pecuniary difficulties or family troubles may cloud a man's brow, and render him absent and distracted—in short, eccentric. But to suspect him of insanity would be as gross an error as that committed by the friends of the officer who, unfortunately, put his jaw out in a sudden fit of laughter. When the jaw is dislocated, speech becomes impossible. Accordingly, all that the officer could do was to sit with open mouth, shaking his head and gesticulating vehemently. His astonished friends, after eagerly questioning him and eliciting no intelligible answer, concluded he had suddenly lost his wits, and felt it their painful duty to remove him to a lunatic asylum. Thither the poor officer, notwithstanding his frantic gesticulations, was speedily conveyed. Preparations were made to put on a strait waistcoat and shave his head. Luckily, however, the patient contrived to get hold of a pencil, and wrote on a card, "Send for the surgeon of the regiment!" The surgeon came, and in five minutes the officer was himself again.

Returning to the *Cornhill* we would ask, with the deference befitting laymen, whether that degree of eccentricity of manner which denotes impending cerebral mischief is not ordinarily accompanied by a condition of health impaired or disturbed? We allude not to the slow inroad of chronic insanity so much as to the approach of apoplectic or paralytic seizures, the premonitory symptoms of which are described with such painful minuteness by the writer in the *Cornhill*. Such symptoms, we submit, would not stand alone—the general health would be more or less affected. The whole conclusion of the matter is simply this—when you feel out of sorts and the domestic medicine chest fails to minister relief, call in the doctor.

#### THE FINANCIAL DUEL.

THE Parliamentary passage of arms of Monday night was perhaps not very gratifying to Mr. Gladstone in many points of view; but he must have been recompensed for much that he disliked, by the truly Homeric character of the encounter. To a man of his accomplished mind, there must have been a positive pleasure in being classically knocked down. It was quite a battle after the antique. The standing armies of modern warfare were not brought upon the field. The bulk of the two contending hosts were restrained within their respective camps, forbidden to fight, though eager for the fray. The day was to be decided by single combat between the chief who possessed, and the chief who panted to regain, the ensnaring Helen of Downing Street. They fought, "all pale with rage" in true Homeric style, and with full heroic allowance of mutual abuse. The only thing needed to complete the high epic character of the scene was some Aphrodite to sweep down from Olympus, and carry off the beauteous but discomfited Paris to the bower of his stolen bride. But that particular deity is one of whom, in any form, it is difficult to find a Parliamentary representative. Mr. Bass, rising amid the froth and foam of a bottled-beer grievance, may perhaps be compared to Venus Anadyomene, without too violent a metaphor; but he was the nearest approach to the rescuing Goddess of Beauty that the House of Commons, on that occasion, could produce.

The attack owed some of its brilliancy and much of its success to the fact of its being a surprise. Mr. Gladstone had no reason to complain on that account, for he might reasonably be supposed, so soon after the previous Thursday's Budget, to be in a condition to defend his financial policy. But the onset evidently found him, as it found the rest of the House, unprepared. And yet he might have foreseen it without any great effort of that distinguished prescience which he applies so successfully to the probable disturbances of each financial year. It was almost impossible not to suspect a feint in the preternatural silence and complaisance which followed the statement of the Budget four days before. There has seldom been a Budget so inviting of attack. To any one who knew his usual style of speaking, Mr. Gladstone's manner confessed the unsatisfactory character of its contents. There was none of the warm and gaily-coloured eloquence with which he ordinarily has the power to freshen even the most arid details. The whole tone was subdued, disheartened, listless. It was rather the manner of a school-boy found out of bounds, or a pet dog caught sheep-hunting, than the haughty and combative self-confidence with which, on former occasions, it was his wont to throw down the most obvious fallacies as gage of defiance to his opponents to expose him, if they could. It was evident that, as he spoke, he was haunted by the recollection of the despised warnings he was justifying, and the confident calculations whose failure he was one by one recording. It was impossible that any Opposition, much less an Opposition that hated him with a bitter and peculiar hatred, could neglect such a chance. But he does not appear to have augured any impending change of tactics from the unnatural quietness of Thursday night; so that the sudden cannonade of Monday took him entirely unawares. When it did come, it was a severer battering than he has been exposed to for many a long year. It was in Mr. Disraeli's most ferocious, and therefore in his best style. His calmer arguments are generally disfigured by inordinate repetition. It is only now and then that an oasis of epigram relieves the long tedious desert of reiteration. But when an opponent has really laid himself open, and there is a fair opportunity for a bitter philippic, he has no equal in the House. On Monday the peculiar talent and the peculiar subject-matter were admirably suited. The raw material was excellent and abundant, and it was worked-up in first-rate style. In subjects for invective there was an embarrassment of wealth. The results upon finance of Mr. Gladstone's frequent deficits and visionary calculations, the results upon Reform of Lord Russell's "crafty and catching device," and the effrontery with which the extreme Reformers had condoned the failure of Reform in consideration of a liberal commercial donative, formed an accumulation of materials for a philippic such as few orators have enjoyed.

Mr. Disraeli's followers cheered, as they always do, with a vigour of lungs which showed that the epithet "consumptive," which has been sometimes applied to the Tory Press, can by no means be applied to the Tory Party. The Ministerial phalanx did not exactly join in the chorus; but an Englishman's natural relish for a scolding-match was evidently not disturbed in their case by any vehement solicitude for the feelings of their heroic financier. He has applied the whip so freely to them in more than one repulsive division, that they bore his exhortation with great philosophy. He did not exhibit the same equanimity under it as those who sat behind him. It is a real misfortune for a man who has a predilection for eccentric finance to be so singularly thin-skinned. If Mr. Disraeli had sought to turn the same battery upon Lord Palmerston, the attempt would only have recoiled upon himself. His volley of sarcasms would have rattled as harmlessly upon the veteran politician's indurated susceptibilities as the balls of the *Monitor* upon the sides of the *Merrimac*. But Mr. Gladstone is anything but iron-cased. Every shot obviously tells. As the attack goes on, his colour grows whiter and whiter, his eyes flash and his lips curl, and his whole expression alters with the nervous tension of the muscles of his face. He keeps himself still with difficulty, and if a chance offers, he interrupts with some sharp and snappish contradiction. On Monday night, his consciousness of the weak points of his finance wrought up his sensitiveness to its highest point, and he was

left, consequently, when Mr. Disraeli's speech was finished, in the worst possible frame of mind for delivering an effective answer. Perhaps it was some feeling of this, and a desire for time to collect a sufficient magazine of sarcasms for his reply, that induced him to allow Mr. Bass to speak before he himself rose. The interruption was decidedly favourable to him. The momentum of the missiles which had just been delivered with such hearty goodwill was considerably lessened by the sudden interposition of a vat-full of pale ale details. From adding up the millions of deficit to counting up the pence on a brewer's licence, and back to the deficit again, were mental transitions too sharp and violent for the House to perform with ease. The interval should also have given Mr. Gladstone time to recover his thoughts and soothe his agitated spirit. But in this last object it wholly failed. When he did rise, his wonted power of reply seemed to have deserted him. Mr. Disraeli had left many weak points that might have been assailed; or Mr. Gladstone might have betaken himself to one of those vague and eloquent self-laudations to which he has so often resorted in extremity before. But fury, while it selected his weapons, had deprived him of all discretion in wielding them. He hit about him wildly, like an infuriated rustic fighting with a professional. He attempted little in the way of direct defence, but relied mainly upon the *tu quoque*. Many of his topics of retort would have been telling and apposite ten or fifteen years ago; but employed in defending the finance of to-day, they rather proclaimed a deficiency of ammunition. There was another unflinching evidence that, even in his own estimation, Mr. Gladstone was hard pressed. Whenever he displays a vigour more than usually athletic in belabouring the oak box before which he speaks, it always betrays a consciousness that his arguments stand in need of an artificial emphasis. It is a painful performance for a spectator to watch. No doubt the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, and the Gothic steel knobs are softened to the gesticulating Minister. But any one of less heroic mould would wince at the blows which he voluntarily inflicts upon himself. They must have suggested to Mr. Disraeli feelings of acute thankfulness that the Transatlantic mode of settling political differences in Congress has not penetrated to England.

For practical purposes, the action did not extend beyond the single combat of the two embittered chieftains. One of the most curious features of the debate was the weak support Mr. Gladstone received from his own friends. They cheered him faintly when he sat down; and not one of them rose to support him afterwards. The assailants were numerous enough; but the conflict died out from pure want of defenders. From which fact Mr. Gladstone may draw the salutary moral, that though a Minister, by exerting enormous pressure, may secure a majority for his own personal pique or crochets, the violence is never forgotten nor forgiven.

#### HOLLAND.

MOST Englishmen, we suspect, would be amazed if a traveller told them that he had reached Holland without crossing the sea. And most of the few who, from local knowledge, are aware that there is a Holland within our own island, have probably some dreamy notion that the English Holland somehow got its name from the much more famous Dutch Holland. Yet there is no reason to suppose that either district derives its name from the other, or that the name is more ancient on the continent than it is in the island. The two Hollands have manifest points of likeness, and it is from the points in which they are like one another that they both derive their name. We know not whether deeper Teutonic scholars would shake their heads, but we have always thought that the first syllable of Holland was cognate with "hole" and "hollow," and that the name in both cases was just analogous to Netherlands, Pays-Bas, and Low Countries. Anyhow, there is a Holland in England just as there is a Cornwall in France. That the English Cornwall is more famous, and the English Holland less famous, than its Continental namesake, is probably owing to the accident that Cornwall forms a distinct county while Holland does not. But there is no sort of reason to suppose that the name of Holland, as applied to the district which contains Boston and Spalding, is a whit less ancient and independent than the same name as applied to the district which contains the Hague and Amsterdam.

English Holland, then — *Hollandia Cismarina* — is the southern division of the great county of Lincoln, which, in some respects, has an administrative independence of its own. That Holland did not become a distinct shire, while the much smaller district of Rutland did, is one of those curious anomalies which we must leave to professed topographical antiquaries to explain. Like the other Holland, it is very flat and low, lying below high-water mark, and being defended against the sea only by artificial mounds or dykes. It is, of course, merely a part of that great fen region which includes also a large part of Cambridgeshire, part of Norfolk, and, in a less degree, part of Northamptonshire. We say in a less degree, because the country round Peterborough, though it seems very flat to a Welshman or a West-Saxon, must be quite hilly in the eyes of a genuine Hollander. There are palpable ascents and descents in the roads, and the eye tells you, without measurement, that some points are unmistakably higher and lower than others. Strangers are sometimes tempted to think that the Soke of Peterborough — the peculiar jurisdiction so called — got its name by a happy pun upon the nature of the country. Yet, in the eyes of the Abbot of Crowland, the Abbot of Peterborough must always have stood forth as a living example of the high and dry school. Holland itself is a dead flat.

If there are ups and downs in it, they are so slight as to be invisible to the naked eye, and to make no difference at all in the progress of a carriage. You go on and on along a causeway with drains on each side, and you look out on fields on each side divided from one another by other drains. This, indeed, may also be done in a large part of Somersetshire and in a small district of Monmouthshire. The flat land, the causeways, the drains — under their West-Saxon name of *rhines* — are common to the two sides of the island. But there is a wide difference between Sedgemoor and Holland. The ground which you stand on in Sedgemoor may be as low as the lowest point of Holland, but then in Sedgemoor you are never out of sight of something which, to a Hollander, would be as Alps or Andes. In Holland, however, you are like Cora's sentinels in Macaulay's *Lays*, who

Overlook  
The never-ending fen.

No Mendips or Quantocks, no mountains of Machen or Caeerphilly, bound your vision. You look out on the flat as far as the curve of the earth's surface will let you. The dead level is not broken by any of the insular hills which break the uniformity of the flats in Somersetshire and Gloucestershire. If King Harry had taken it into his head to hang my Lord of Crowland instead of my Lord of Glastonbury, he could not have found any spot where he could have been hanged in the sight of all Holland, as Abbot Whiting was hanged on his own Tor in the sight of all Somersetshire. We hope, by the way, as we follow Mr. Froude, that we are right in saying that Abbot Whiting was hanged on the Tor itself, but the exact spot is disputed among local antiquaries. But this very absence of anything better than a dead flat has a tendency to make Holland something very different from Sedgemoor. Somersetshire has its low countries, which make sarcastic novelists mock at it by the name of Swampshire, but as it also has its higher lands, the swamps themselves are very thinly inhabited. The towns and villages lie mainly on the lower ridges of the hills; the moor lies almost without any indwellers, between two lines of thickly inhabited country. But in Holland there is no such choice. If you are to live in Holland at all, you must live down in the flats which are all that Holland gives you to live in. Undoubtedly the towns and villages, even in Holland, are built upon spots which are somewhat higher than the rest — spots which, when the surrounding land was all sea, were low islands just above high water. Still they are in the flat itself, raised above it by an elevation which is almost invisible, and which the causeways on which they are approached reduce, as far as the traveller is concerned, to no elevation at all. The results of this difference are very important. A Somersetshire moor is almost uninhabited by man — it is the mere dwelling-place of cows whose owners dwell on the insular hills or on the slopes of the great ridges. Therefore, though much good milk and butter is got out of it, its general look is somewhat desolate and barbarous. But as the Hollanders live in the flat, as their towns and villages are there, the general aspect of things is one of much more comfort and cultivation than in the lowlands of the west. Some parts of Holland look as if they might be lived in just as much as any ordinary midland county. But other parts, it must be confessed, are not a little dreary. Of all the fearful places which man ever chose out for his dwelling-place, surely Crowland is the lowest depth of all. One begins to believe the legend that its founder, St. Guthlac, found the land occupied by a crew of foul spirits, whom it needed all his saintly powers to exorcise before he could dwell in peace in his hermitage. The Abbey Church is in that state of half ruin, half-preservation, which is more unsatisfactory than anything else. The little town is as desolate-looking as an English town can be. The famous triangular bridge stands in the middle of the street, without a single drop of water flowing under its arches. The liveliest thing about the place when we last saw it was a pair of kestrels, who were flying hither and thither about the massive tower of the minster in the same manner that jackdaws fly about the towers of other great churches, and ravens — according to Mr. Anthony Trollope — about those of the cathedral church of Barchester.

We believe, however, that the apparent desolation of Crowland is only apparent. The land is rich — at least it may be made so by a curious agricultural process. The natural surface is a light peat, which a strong wind is apt to blow away, but adventurous farmers dig down till they reach the clay, and, turning the clay uppermost, they make an artificial soil which well suits their purpose. So, in another line, though the first aspect of the Abbey Church is less taking than that either of a well-preserved building or of an utter ruin, yet the antiquary will soon find that the resting-place of Earl Waltheof affords him abundant materials for study. We need hardly say that the whole fen district is almost unrivalled for its specimens of ecclesiastical architecture. It is well that so it is, that a land so little favoured by nature, may at least have some attractions in the way of art. Each important island in the swamp was seized on, perhaps from its greater safety, as the site of a great abbey, each of which became a centre of civilisation to its own neighbourhood. Two of these monasteries, Peterborough and Ely, still survive among our noblest cathedrals; but some have utterly perished, and some, like Thorney and Crowland, remain in a patched and mutilated state. And almost more remarkable than these great minsters is the wonderful series of noble parish churches both in Holland itself and in the rest of the fen country. One hardly knows whether their extraordinary splendour is to be attributed to the wealth of the abbeys on which most of them were dependent, or whether the inhabitants deliberately sat down to enrich their country with the only sort of ornament of which it was capable. Both in Holland

and in the Marshland of Norfolk the traveller is equally struck by the vast size of the churches, by their admirable workmanship, and by the variety of style which shows that the church-building passion in this district lasted without abatement through several centuries. The utter lack of stone seems to have been no obstacle. In Norfolk—Norfolk, we mean, east of the Ouse—the lack of stone and the abundance of flint produced the remarkable flint architecture of that country. In Holland and Marshland there was not even the substitute of flint to fall back upon. Stone was therefore brought by river navigation from the now disused quarries of Barnack, in Northamptonshire, and these splendid buildings rose out of the foreign material. They show, however, in their condition many witnesses of the nature of the soil on which they were reared. The treacherous soil of Holland was ill-adapted to supply them with firm foundations; their stately towers and spires lean some one way and some another; few churches have all their pillars quite perpendicular; and cracks and settlements are more common and more fearful-looking than in other parts of the country. The result of all this has been seen in many repairs and rebuildings of all ages; and, according to the antiquaries of the country, the local builders were in the constant habit of using up old materials in a way which is sometimes perplexing to inquirers whose experience is derived from the buildings of other parts of England.

We need hardly say that Holland is a land of water. But for artificial defences, it would, like its Continental namesake, be a land of nothing else. Dykes alone keep out the sea; dykes alone keep the rivers within their banks; and on a slight provocation a meadow becomes a navigable lake, with the trees and the gates peeping above the water. A midland county river is everywhere a very different object from the clear, dashing, pebbly streams of Wales and Devonshire; and the system of rivers which empty themselves into the Wash exhibit, in the lower part of their course, the midland county type in its most extreme shape. To be sure, in this district, the difference between a river and a canal is not very accurately drawn. We believe that not one of these rivers enters the sea by its original mouth. How many times each has changed its course, or has had its course changed for it, was fully explained by Professor Babington at the Peterborough meeting of the Archaeological Institute. But we cannot profess to carry in our heads the exact number of metamorphoses which have been undergone by the Ouse, the Nene, and the Welland. It is enough to say that the muddy current of the last-named stream runs through the streets of Spalding, the largest town of South Holland; and, lined as it is by houses on each side, it adds not a little to the likeness which the Holland of Lincolnshire bears in so many respects to the more illustrious Holland beyond the sea.

#### A STEEPLECHASE.

**T**HERE are few sights pleasanter than a steeplechase on a fine spring day; and, on the other hand, one can hardly conceive a more miserable spectacle than that of jockeys, trainers, and makers of books, pursuing their business amid scuds of sleet and snow, and a bitter north-east wind. If possible, we would choose for the time of a steeplechase one of those genial days when April anticipates May or June, rather than a specimen of that other and too common variety of its weather which recalls our worst memories of February or March. The scene of a steeplechase is almost necessarily suitable for displaying to perfection the beauties of the capricious English spring. The meeting will, of course, be held in a good hunting country, whose green fields, and perhaps trees, give the prevailing character to the landscape. A variety of gentle undulations is far preferable to a flat country, both as regards the essentials and the accessories of the sport. A suitable course will probably have to be sought at some distance from the town which affords accommodation to the sportsmen, and thus the approach to the scene of action will ensure to the visitor who desires it the pleasure of a country walk in spring. The course is in one part similar to that on which "flat races" are ordinarily run, but the other and greater part of it is merely marked by flags set up in the fields. A stand is erected so as to command a view of one or two of what we may call the natural leaps over the fences raised for farming purposes; and the artificial leaps, it need not be said, are specially contrived for the gratification of those spectators who have paid their money. A good position on stand or carriage is always worth what it costs, but still everybody on the ground, whether poor or rich, can get a tolerable view without those desperate struggles to gain and keep a place which are called for at the great races. The local, and, as we may say, neighbourly character of these meetings, gives them a peculiar charm. The favourite is not a great unknown which has been shrouded throughout its preparation from every unprivileged eye. On the contrary, it is famous through the country as the foremost performer in many a good run; and the young squire who is to ride it is also celebrated among servants and dependents, who consider him as, in his way, as great a rider as the most accomplished pilot of the Epsom or Newmarket turf. It must be allowed too that a steeple chase has the advantage over a flat race in some other points, which to the ordinary observer are not devoid of interest. In the first place, it may be said that the beauties of the thorough-bred racehorse are not completely appreciable except by a practised eye; but every one, whether town or country bred, can and must admire the combination of strength and grace which marks the weight-carrying hunter. And further, this capacity of the horses for carrying weight gives to the races in which they run a far wider interest in one respect than belongs to Derby or St. Leger. The number of Englishmen who

could ride, if they rode at all, at eleven or twelve stone, is a very large proportion of the whole nation, and therefore the looker-on at a steeple-chase sees a thing done which, if he thinks as favourably of himself as most men do think, he may conceive as being within a possible development of his own powers. But if a man's weight reaches or exceeds eleven stone he cannot by any stretch of the imagination fancy himself capable of riding in one of the world-famed three-year-old contests. Hence many observers, who feel only an outside interest in the great races, look upon a steeplechase as the exercise of a faculty in which they flatter themselves they are not deficient, although circumstances may have prevented its display. And not only are many owners of horses within the weight carried in a steeplechase, but further, they find themselves within that weight without having to undergo that painful punishing of the flesh by which the regular jockey prepares himself for the racing season. It may be questioned whether military steeplechases would be so popular as they are if the gallant gentlemen who ride in them were condemned to make their lives miserable before, hand in order to get off a few pounds of weight. Another feature of the steeplechase is the length of time over which the interest of it extends. A course of three or four miles over moderately heavy ground cannot be run in the very few minutes which suffice to bring to issue the great question of Epsom Downs. And besides, there are the exciting chances of the leaps which can be seen and of the other and more distant leaps which are out of sight. The horses disappear down a slope, at the bottom of which is known to be an awkward fence, and perhaps a brook. The leading horse reappears struggling gamely up the slope beyond this barrier, and then another and another follows. They stream over the grassy hill, with the rider's colours glancing among the trees. The next horse, perhaps, come into view, going easily, and in any direction that may be agreeable to his own taste. His freedom both of limb and will is due to having got rid of his rider, who has been spilt at that same awkward fence. Perhaps both horse and rider fall and rise together, and start again in hope to improve a chance which, however, the delay has made almost desperate. It is impossible to deny that the probability of the riders coming to what is called "grief," is an element of the pleasure which the spectators derive from a steeplechase. Besides other perils of the course, there is that cunningly contrived water-jump, which the proprietor of the stand assures us may be seen to perfection by those who patronize him. An artificial bank and hedge with some twelve feet of artificial water, or more properly watery mud, beyond it extends half-way across the course. This part of the course is traversed perhaps three times, but the water-jump is required to be taken only in mid-career, the unobstructed half of the belt of turf being available in the first and last rounds. Besides other chances there is that of a horse declining to leap where he sees, that he can run—swerving aside, that is, from the obstructed to the open course. If he does this, the race must either be given up, or he must be turned and brought again to face the water, and if he clears it he has lost time which it is hardly possible to recover. If the horses are clever at their work this water-jump may be taken several times in a day without disaster. The spectators will probably have to content themselves with incidents less considerable than a perfect spill. A horse perhaps does not jump far enough, and so descends on his legs, but with a mighty splash in the muddy water which his more judicious competitors have cleared. Happily if a spill should occur there is in general no hard substance near to injure horse or rider, and therefore the defacement of gay silk and spotless kerseymere is more to be apprehended than the fracture of bones. On the whole a steeple-chase affords a great deal of fun with a moderate amount of danger, and the sight of a fast and powerful hunter lifting a squire or captain of twelve stone over his fences in the third mile is one that to many eyes will bear comparison even with the finish for a vast stake between the most accomplished jockeys of the day.

A grand military steeplechase which came off in France a few days ago, furnishes a good example of the vicissitudes to which this sport is liable. Five horses started, and the distance was four miles. At the first hedge The Colonel threw his rider and got away. At the river Weathercock and Kibworth Lass refused. Topsy and Holà-là got over and kept well together, until the latter threw his jockey and disappeared. In the meantime The Colonel had been caught and remounted, and now passed the river which the riders of two of his opponents were still vainly endeavouring to prevail on them to get over. Holà-là also reappeared, mounted by an Englishman, who, with bare head and in ordinary clothes, had supplied his original rider's place. The fate of this rider is not mentioned in the account from which we are quoting, and we suppose that it was left unnoticed as being immaterial. Holà-là! having thus taken on board a second pilot, cleared the river and other obstacles in excellent style, and Weathercock also by this time had managed to struggle through the water. All was, however, useless, as Topsy had had the game to herself too long. She came in an easy winner, with The Colonel a bad second. In another race at the same meeting Graciosa went plump into the water, and then started off without her jockey; and Blaise declined the water altogether.

At the steeplechases held this week at Cheltenham, there was a reasonably good supply of the same interesting casualties. One horse fell at the water-jump and threw his rider, who quickly got up and out of the way. If he had fallen into the water instead of clearing it, the spectators, perhaps, would have considered that they had fuller value for their money. Another fall was accomplished in view of everybody by Yorkshire Grey, who held up to that moment a hopeful position in the race. A misfortune also

happened to the well-known mare Brunette, by which her chance of winning the race in hand was extinguished, though her capacity for winning future races remained unimpaired. There was one serious accident during the meeting, by which a horse was lamed so badly as to be shot where it lay, and the rider also received severe injury. In the last two races, which brought out eleven or twelve starters, there were more falls than are easy to remember. One horse, having got rid of its rider, carried on the running gallantly for some time, before the thought occurred that it would cost no more to walk. It is probable that the course becomes more dangerous after many races, because gaps are made in the hedges which the horses fancy they can gallop through, and so they refuse in the latter part of a long run to rise to them. From various causes it is hardly ever too late to look for change in the prospects of a steeple chase. The interest is sustained throughout, and the curious observer may post himself wherever a difficult leap has to be made, and may thus behold successive racers from different points of view.

The course at Cheltenham was enlivened by the usual accompaniments of a race, and notably by two booths which displayed pictorially the achievements of Mr. Thomas Sayers and promised an exhibition of scientific sparring within the canvas walls. A more seedy and disreputable-looking set of candidates for public favour it would be difficult to discover among all the vagabonds of all the race-courses in England. A personage marked with small-pox more deeply and disagreeably than anyone we ever saw before, flourished a rattle outside the booth, and proclaimed in the intervals of its clamour the wonders which were going on within. To judge from his ugly face, he must have been once a prize-fighter, and to judge from his unsightly shape, that must have been some time ago. But certainly he has now taken up a business in which he is qualified to succeed. The art with which he lifted up the curtain and peeped in, and then turned to the spectators and expressed his wonder and delight at the surpassing splendour of the scientific display inside, was really admirable. The charge for admission to this magnificent and truly genuine British entertainment was only twopence, and any visitor who should state on his return that he felt dissatisfied with what he had seen was promised to have his pence replaced with shillings out of the pocket of the spirited proprietor. The hero whose performances within the booth affected our pock-marked orator so remarkably, was, as we understood, the Cheltenham Pet or Champion, the catalogue of whose exploits would dwell more completely in our memory if the proprietor of the rival booth had not sounded another rattle and proclaimed the wonders of another pugilistic shrine at precisely the same moment. It was certainly quite worth twopence to stand outside the booths and listen to the descriptions of the wonders that were going on within; but perhaps the reality of these wonders would be dear at the price charged—not to mention that the booth was small and the performers looked decidedly unwholesome. However, as a healthy-looking young farmer had accepted the orator's universal challenge for a set-to, curiosity overcame prudence, and we passed behind the mystic screen to see what the rustic and the Champion would make of it. Our notion of the Champion of Cheltenham is chiefly this, that he must have spent a great deal of his time in public-houses. When we entered, the ground was occupied by another pair of combatants, and when they had done it was necessary to applaud them lustily, and then to collect money for them in an old hat. While this was going on, the orator with the rabble kept peeping in and expressing his admiration loudly to the crowd outside. The contrast between what we heard him say and what we knew he saw was for a time highly entertaining, but we regret to say that our patience was exhausted before the rustic and the Champion came into the field. Although far from satisfied with what we had seen, we did not demand two shillings in place of our twopence. Our reason for abstaining from this claim partook, perhaps, rather more of discretion than of valour.

#### THE LADIES' SANITARY ASSOCIATION.

WE have ventured, not without incurring the charge of ungallantry, to controvert, or at least to doubt, some of the theories about Woman's Rights which have of late years been imported into this country from Transatlantic sources. It has been replied to the ladies who ask for an equal division of the world's work, the world's honours, and the world's responsibilities, that, in point of fact, the equitable division, just alike to man and woman, has already been made, and that woman's province has been assigned as well by the reason of the thing as by the sterner logic of facts. Neither the sum total of human happiness would be advanced, nor the peculiar capacities of woman expanded, by her becoming the bread-winner. No doubt the Gospel has elevated the sphere of woman, because it has recognised her completeness and equality; but the duties, both of young women and old, as authoritatively taught by the Gospel, are of a domestic character. To marry, to bear children, to guide the house, to lodge strangers, to wash the saints' feet, to relieve the afflicted, are duties all of one kind. Had it been part of woman's calling to earn her own living, she would have been exhorted to diligence in business, just as strongly as man has been enjoined by the highest authority to go forth to his labour until the evening. What was good in the appeal for Woman's Rights was the assertion of dignity and the claim to cultivate powers of which it was a credit to feel the possession. And all this we never disparaged or sought to discourage. In a Society called the *Ladies' Sanitary*

*Association*, we seem to have discovered just that which reason, the circumstances of the time, and the fitness of things, require and suggest as woman's true work. This is not a Society of high pretensions or lofty aims. Its means are small, and, with the exception that it does not avoid the indispensable or inevitable patronage of Lord Shaftesbury, it is free from the ordinary clap-net. It scarcely claims to be able to regenerate society by a subscription list or an annual report; but, feeling a want, and knowing that there is a vast amount of female influence and energy thrown away, the ladies interested in it seek to encourage and concentrate powers which are, for the most part, frittered away in desultory and uncombined benevolence. The Fourth Annual Report and the second public meeting show that the thing is but in its infancy; but there is so much unaffected, simple, straightforward, and earnest activity about the direction of it, that we cannot but be somewhat sanguine as to its success. The members scarcely exceed two hundred, and the income reaches only to 350*l.*; yet there is, in the very humility and simplicity of the whole affair, a contrast to the ambitious and trumpety pretensions of social reformers generally.

At present, the Society is obliged to be content with the diffusion of sanitary knowledge. To execute sanitary work the ladies feel to be beyond their power, as perhaps it is outside their province. They wish to inculcate and enforce principles, or rather to teach teachers, as the first step to the general practice of economy, cleanliness, order, and decency. And here they are quite right. Education, which has done so much of late years, has lost sight of certain practical matters of common life. Everybody knows that economy is a good thing, that cleanliness is next to godliness, that health depends on personal neatness, and on due attention to soap and water, and cookery, to air, drainage, and exercise, and proper clothing. Everybody knows that the life of man depends on the care bestowed in the nursery, and that the nurse is as useful as the doctor. But a great deal of all this is theoretical knowledge. There are hosts of sanitary reformers. Dr. Letheby preaches weekly in the market-place and at the pump-handle. Miss Nightingale's books are in every lady's hands. We have been taught that the whole duty of man consists in seeing that the drains are not stopped, and that the windows are daily opened. But nobody can have watched his own household or have ever gone among the poor, without feeling that, after all, next to nothing is done for the health of the people, and that the masses are not naturally disposed, not yet sufficiently taught, to keep themselves clean. The talk has scarcely penetrated below the classes who spend above five hundred a year; and we once heard grave doubts expressed by a medical man whether, in a respectable street inhabited by average shopkeepers, there were twenty people who washed their feet oftener than every Saturday night.

Nor are matters quite so good as we would flatter ourselves even in a higher grade of society. Untidiness, disorder, and the absence of scrubbing-brushes and brooms, pails and dusters, are conspicuous in other than tradesmen's houses. One thing you are sure to find universally complained of—that there are no servants now-a-days. The fact is, that until recently there was nobody to educate the servants. The arts of domestic economy were lost in that age of folly when it was unfashionable for a lady, or for those who set up for being ladies, to know anything of household matters. Some years ago a lady would have lost caste in her own estimation if she could have told the right way of making a beefsteak pudding, or of turning down a bed. Under these circumstances, the art of housekeeping was lost. Cleanliness, order, and economy do not come to servants, especially to female servants, by intuition; and the complaint that we have no servants such as we used to have, though very true, is to be accounted for by the simple fact that our ladies have been too fine to teach or to learn the economy of a household. A servant, when she marries, carries to her cottage or her lodging only such knowledge as she has; and the squalor and unhealthiness of the poor man's home is mainly chargeable on the mistress's culpable and voluntary ignorance. If, instead of grumbling about servants, ladies would read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the little tracts of the Ladies' Sanitary Association, preach on them, and practise them, they would be much better sociologists than by discussing the question of woman's franchise, or by appealing the institutions which encourage female lawyers' clerks, doctresses in medicine, and petticoated preachers. There are certainly signs of hope, for the first stage of repentance, which is technically said to consist in conviction of sin, has begun; but we can hardly say that we have gone much beyond the preliminary state of a reformed life as to the domestic economy of the people. Health officers, the Common Lodging-houses Act, drinking fountains, drainage Acts, district visitors, and sewage questions have but broken the ground.

One of the prime British fallacies is that we are the cleanest people on earth. Like our domestic felicity, and our capacity single-handed to whip any three Frenchmen, the delusion is positively mischievous. We are not a clean people. In the ordinary arts of life, in which cleanliness is a main element, we are far behind even the European standard. Our cookery—that is, the cookery of common life—is not only the least scientific, but the dirtiest and most slovenly practised by any modern nation. It requires but to compare the pots and kettles and pans of average kitchens, as well as of hotels, either in France, Spain, or Germany, with those of England, to disenchant ourselves as to our national virtue of cleanliness. We say nothing about Holland, which is to a proverb

tidy and clean. It is only, probably, in the navy, and in prisons and hospitals, that tidiness is practised among ourselves by rule and on principle. As to the lower classes in England, they have a positive hatred of cleanliness and sanitary rules. The story has often been told of the active and enthusiastic clergyman who filled his house for six months with choice specimens of his parishioners, and taught them all the arts of economy and order, cookery and cleanliness. They appreciated the soup—they learned what bad economy there was in the broiled rasher—they were taught how to use coals and open windows, how to mend their clothes and scrub the house, and lay the fire. They were taught all these things well, and practised them. In six weeks after the return of each model pupil to his or her family, there was not one who practised what had been learned. So it is with married servants. In the majority of cases—just as the boys in the National School forget in a twelvemonth the art of reading, though they have been monitors or teachers—the squire's kitchen-maid or house-maid degenerates into the rank of sluts and slatterns as soon as she has a cottage of her own. But this is not the whole of the evil. Matrons must practise what they preach before they can reform the lower classes. Their own lives will be the best sermon. If a lady's dressing-table is untidy, we know pretty well what the kitchen and scullery are sure to be; and if slovenliness, unpunctuality, unthrift, and disorder, are in the master and the master's rooms, the state of the stable and servants'-hall may be conjectured. Add to all this, that the very sense of the presence of dirt—the capacity of being annoyed by unthrift and disorder—is a matter of education. A girl from a cottage is morally or physically incapable of seeing that there is such a thing as dirt. Whatever else it is, cleanliness is not an innate faculty, at least in the English character.

The chief labours of the Ladies' Association have been, as we have observed, confined to spreading sanitary information, as they are pleased to call it. They publish little books and tracts, and get access to schools, and procure lectures to be delivered on all sorts of simple every-day practical subjects, whenever they can get poor people to listen to them. They associate themselves with the clergy, district visitors, health officers, Scripture readers, and the like. To show the sort of work they do, we take down at random the titles of some of their lectures and publications:—"On Healthy Rooms," "On Catching Cold," "On Soap and Water," "On the Use of Fresh Air," "On the Health of Infants," "On Common Sense in Cooking," "How to Manage a Baby," "The Sick Child's Cry," "Health of Mothers," "Warm Clothing." These are household words of the right sort. Pails, brushes, and whitewash are the arms with which these sensible ladies go out to conquer the world, and to fulfil woman's mission. We wish them good fortune, and increased opportunities of usefulness, as well as extension to their Association, the common sense of which is equal to its commonplace.

## REVIEWS.

### FULLON'S WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.\*

WE do not know whether any writer on Christian Evidences has ever enlarged on the argument that the Bible has for so many hundred years survived the ill-treatment not only of its enemies but of its friends. To go no farther, within this realm of England alone, somewhere between twenty and thirty thousand orthodox Church of England sermons are weekly preached out of it. Each of these is headed by a text. We may assume that in at least twenty thousand cases the text is made to mean something wholly different from what the writer meant it to mean. The book has been read, and expounded, and preached out of, till one would have thought it would have been altogether preached to pieces. And yet it exists. The Bible has survived preachers and commentators, just as the Papacy survived the wicked Popes of the tenth century. Candid Catholic historians rely upon this fact as part of the evidence for the divine origin of the Papacy. No merely human institution, they tell us, could have lived through the infamy of Pope John the Twelfth. So one is inclined to say that no merely human book could have lived through the preachings and commentaries of seventeen hundred years. The sharpest trial has been reserved for our own day. We do not mean *Essays and Reviews*, or anything of that sort. Nothing of that kind is the real crucial experiment. Here is the true Aid to Faith. Could anything short of divinity have been made the handbook of a Spurgeon and yet have survived?

A crisis of the same kind seems to have just now fallen upon the writer whose works, for the mass of Englishmen, form something like a secular Bible. Shakespeare is admired, quoted, and misunderstood in a degree only second to the Bible itself. Indeed, the average Englishman, in making his quotation, seems by no means to be always sure whether his stock-extract is in Shakespeare or in the Bible. Shakespeare also, like the Bible, has suffered many things from many commentators. There have been Apocryphal Gospels and there have been Ireland Forgeries. Ingenious men have written to prove the identity of Solomon and Homer, and ingenious women have written to prove the identity of Shakespeare and Lord Bacon. And on Shakespeare, too, the crucial test has come in our own days. The Bible has survived Spurgeon—can Shakespeare survive Mr. S. W. Fullon?

Among bad books there are both different degrees and different kinds of badness. Some books are bad because they are written in bad English. Others are bad because they are full of blunders. Some books are bad because they are too heavy, and other books are bad because they are too light. But any one of these kinds of badness is not inconsistent with the presence of real goodness of other kinds. A book whose style is thoroughly bad may contain most valuable information, and a book which is full of blunders may be written in the purest English possible. An over heavy book may not unlikely be wise; and even an over light book is by no means necessarily foolish. Now, taking the several sorts of badness separately, we believe we could, in each several way, find worse writers than Mr. Fullon. We could find people who write worse English, people who make more blunders, people who are heavier, and people who are more frivolous. But we certainly could not, at a moment's notice, lay our hands on any writer who unites so large a degree of so many different kinds of badness. Mr. Fullon is in literature what the old Polish Constitution was in politics. Other governments have pushed the respective evils of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, each taken singly, to a higher degree. But then those governments, by carrying the evils of one form to an extreme point, at least escaped the evils of the other forms. Cities in the hands of mobs or of oligarchs at least escaped the rule of the Pompadours and the Du Barrys. Poland ingeniously united a higher degree of the evils of all three kinds of government than has ever before or since been brought together in a single constitution. So it is with Mr. Fullon. He has not even the one virtue and the thousand crimes of some other offenders. His book is a dead flat of misdemeanour, relieved neither by crime nor by virtue. Take the biographer of a great contemporary of Shakspeare—or, as some say, another form of Shakspeare himself. No book ever united worse English and worse logic than Mr. Hepworth Dixon's *Life of Lord Bacon*; but Mr. Dixon did, nevertheless, in the course of his labours, fish up one historical fact which was worth knowing. The great Peacham question had perplexed both Hallam and Macaulay; its solution was reserved by the fates for Mr. Hepworth Dixon. Let Mr. Dixon, then, have all due credit for his one virtue; let it count against as many of his thousand crimes as justice will allow. In the case of Mr. Fullon, we have really no virtue to set off against his ten thousand minor offences. Mr. Fullon's English is not good, but it is not so bad as Mr. Dixon's; his logic is not sound, but it is at least not more unsound than Mr. Dixon's; he has found out a great many more things than Mr. Dixon found out; but, though Mr. Dixon's one discovery was not of first-rate magnitude, we hold it to be at least greater than the discoveries of Mr. Fullon. The wickedest man is not necessarily he who commits the greatest particular crimes, but he who unites the greatest number of vices with the smallest number of virtues. So the worst writer is not necessarily he whose style is the worst, or whose blunders are the biggest, but he who, with a respectable amount of all literary vices, combines an utter absence of all literary virtues. And the crown of this bad eminence we may without any hesitation assign to Mr. Fullon.

The writings of Mr. Fullon evidently come from the same source as the speculations of Mr. Halliwell. The present volume is, in short, a "Shakspearian beating"—a song of triumph over the recovery of Shakspeare's gardens. To be sure, Mr. Fullon's range of view is narrower than Mr. Halliwell's. Mr. Halliwell wished to secure the gardens, the theatre, and the rest of it, "for England and the world." Mr. Fullon is more lowly—he is satisfied with securing it "to Stratford." The doings of Mr. Halliwell and the writings of Mr. Fullon both spring from that small sort of worship of great men which has much in common with relic-worship and fetish-worship. The book starts with a text, and all that follows is most amusingly inconsistent with the text. "Philosophers may see a moral in the fact that the greatest luminaries of modern times have risen from obscurity." "Columbus was a cabin-boy," "Franklin a printer's devil." George Stephenson—by some unexplained process—"first saw the light—the divine light of science—in a coal-pit." Perhaps the "divine light of science" may mean a Davy lamp, otherwise one would expect rather to see darkness than light in such a birthplace. All this proves "that greatness is independent of lineage." These men—the cabin-boy, the printer's devil, and the rest of them—"sprang, like Adam, from the ground." "They were not, as we are accustomed to say, self-made, they were created; and the image of God stands freshly out upon them, a special impress." We hope all this is strictly orthodox; but, as long as Mr. Fullon will write metaphor, we cannot feel quite sure. "The source of their nobility is nature; and this is a patent that needs neither blazoning from heralds nor recognition from kings." We are not sure about the exact process of blazoning a patent, but never mind—when people write in the grand style it does not do to examine their words too closely. Translated out of the grand style, what Mr. Fullon means is, that some very great men have been men of very low birth, and that they have been none the less great because of their low birth. Nothing can be more true. But Mr. Fullon's practical inference from his dogma strikes us as a little inconsistent. Because greatness is independent of lineage—because Shakspeare, like Adam, sprang from the ground without any lineage—therefore Mr. Fullon plunges into the genealogical antiquities of the Shakspeare family, with all the zeal of a King-at-arms working out the pedigree of a Bourbon or a Plantagenet. Undoubtedly details of this sort have a kind of interest. There is a class of antiquaries to whom this kind of lore has a special charm, and who make it their special business

\* *History of William Shakspeare, Player and Poet; with new Facts and Traditions.* By S. W. Fullon. London: Saunders, Otley and Co. 1862.

thus to work out the personal and family history of great men. Their employment may not be of the highest kind, but their labours are not entirely thrown away. But their occupation clearly goes on the principle that lineage is not altogether worthless—that great men do not spring, like Adam, from the ground. Mr. Fulford asserts that they do. Then, to carry out his conviction, he goes and peers into every hole and corner of Stratford and the coasts thereof, not to find out the particular spot of ground from which Shakespeare sprang, but to hunt up all those small details about every member of his family and of his wife's family which derive whatever interest they have from the very doctrine which Mr. Fulford begins by disclaiming.

As the book begins, so it goes on. By dint of book-making in its extreme form—by stories about Shakespeare's grandfather and Shakespeare's wife's grandmother—by raking together all kinds of details, appropriate or otherwise, whether from the records of Stratford, or from the general antiquities of the time—by drawing yet more largely on his own imagination for the details of the few really recorded events in Shakespeare's life—by all these various processes, Mr. Fulford has contrived to put together a fair-sized volume out of very little material indeed. "It is not difficult to imagine" people's feelings, under such and such circumstances; so Mr. Fulford describes their feelings at length. Shakespeare, when he first left Stratford, must have crossed a certain bridge; so Mr. Fulford stops to tread the bridge with veneration. Shakespeare, when he left Stratford, most likely travelled on foot; so Mr. Fulford gives us all that he can make out, from Shakespeare or anywhere else, about the manner of travelling on horseback in those days. There was a plague about the time when Shakespeare was born; so we get a disquisition on the sanitary condition of Stratford and of England, on the bad effects of dung-hills in the streets, and on the practice of strewing the floors of houses with rushes. Nothing is known of Shakespeare's childhood; so we have a good deal of talk about childhood and the influence of mothers, from the prophet Samuel to Napoleon the First. It is rather curious that, though the title of the book promises Shakespeare, "Player and Poet," as Mr. Fulford's special subject, there is nothing about Shakespeare as player, and very little about him as poet, till we have got more than half way through the volume. In fact, Mr. Fulford's title-page is a blunder. He meant to give his book what, in the strange grammar of our day, would be called a "sensation" title. Every chapter has a heading which is very "sensation" indeed, and the words "Player and Poet" were doubtless meant to communicate the same "sensation" element to the title-page. But a "sensation" title-page always strictly eschews such formulas as "Life of," "History of." What Mr. Fulford meant to say was, "William Shakespeare; a Life-History;" or "William Shakespeare, Player and Poet." His actual title, "History of William Shakespeare, Player and Poet," is a hybrid between sense and "sensation," and must be equally offensive to the votaries of either.

In the dreary waste of Mr. Fulford's twaddle it is not easy to find out many passages much better or worse than their neighbours. The following perhaps rises a little above the average of absurdity:—

According to the parochial register, William Shakespeare was baptized on the 26th April, 1564; and a late vicar of Stratford made a pencil note that he was born on the 23rd. This has grown into a common belief; and, though not traceable to any authority, receives confirmation from the custom of the time. Queen Elizabeth and Edward VI. were both christened three days after their birth. The practice of the present age generally defers this rite to the fourth week, which would carry the birthday of the poet into unseemly proximity to the first of the month. Such an association could not be admitted; and, indeed, we should prefer to make him, like Leonata's daughter, a "March chick." But, though he has not the tears of Troilus, every one will agree that "he is, an't were, a man born in April;" for, like young Master Fenton, "he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells of April and May."

This is a point in which we shall not seem to make much ado about nothing. The satirist of the day has said that nobody cares to hear where a great man's grandmother was vaccinated. Yet an illustrious name attaches interest to "trifles light as air," if they carry any meaning; and it is no maudlin feeling that links our national poet with our national saint, by fixing his birth on St. George's day.

That is to say, Shakespeare was born some time in April; it would be "unseemly" to suppose that he made the world April fools at his birth; it is appropriate to make him born on St. George's day; therefore Shakespeare was not born on the 1st of April, but on the 23rd. We should get some curious results if more important points of history were to be dealt with according to a system of chronology in which the wish is the father of the date.

#### WHAT TO OBSERVE.\*

IN some foreign universities the students are expected to go through a special course of instruction called the Science of Methodology. It is easier to see the apparent drift of such a science than to fix the principles upon which it should be constructed. In plain English, it is the science of learning how to learn; and if the methodological method does really train the youthful intellect to view and arrange each fresh object of study in a clear and methodical manner, its teachers may well claim to fill a professional chair. Methodology is to the mind what "Deportment," as taught by dancing masters, is to the body. The pupil may

learn to dance very gracefully and correctly without having formed any exhaustive theory upon the point of deportment, as he may become an accurate classical or mathematical scholar without being an abstract methodologist. Yet undoubtedly, if methodology and deportment can be scientifically learnt, a considerable gain in security and satisfaction must accompany the practice of the accomplishments to which they are respectively applied. It should give an unsurpassable ease and serenity to the manners of a young lady to feel certain that she is, at any particular moment, deporting herself rigidly upon scientific principles which, if exclusively carried out, will ensure her success and correctness of demeanour under any circumstances in the world. And, in like manner, the fully-developed methodologist ought presumably to feel the gratification of a supreme and absolute mastery of his subject, even before he has studied it, in whatever direction of universal knowledge he may turn his mind. Grasp of thought, comprehensiveness of view, searching analytical power, accurate arrangement, carefulness and judgment in sifting and weighing facts—in short, all the commonplaces ordinarily accumulated to describe the operations of a mighty mind wrestling with the details of a mighty topic—must surely, under a true methodological training, become qualities of every day and within almost everybody's reach. The methodologist is exalted as far above the common untaught man, as the schoolmaster Holofernes was over Goodman Dull. There is nothing in or out of nature for which he does not, at least potentially, know the reason why.

We are inclined to think that the only drawback to the incalculable merits of this exhaustive science lies in its being too big for the capacities of the human brain. Even its greatest worshippers professedly look upon it only as a means to an end—as the science which opens the portals of the temple of learning. But when it is applied in practice, we fear that the means or method of learning will sometimes be found visibly to overshadow the end to be learnt. It is difficult not to use so huge an instrument pedantically. The elaborateness with which it is to be applied to all sides of a question, and the intense determination to be exhaustive which characterizes its professors, involve many temptations and many dangers. Few strict followers of the methodological method can refrain from breaking a butterfly on a wheel, and very few seem to retain enough of their original common sense to remember that, after all, methodology is made for man, and not man for methodology.

Dr. Norton Shaw's treatise on the science of observation to be practised by a traveller is a portentous and exemplary case of a work constructed upon methodological principles. A perusal of it does indeed show, as the preface correctly declares that it will show, "what an immense field of physical and moral research lies open to investigation." Whether a perusal of it will, as the author hopes, encourage "the intending traveller to exertion by the assurance that he can not only do much to enlarge the sphere of his own ideas, but acquire the means of communicating to others a great mass of valuable and interesting information," is another question altogether. It is certain that the universe is a large and proper field for intelligent and inquisitive human survey; but it is by no means a necessary corollary that every locomotive individual would benefit himself or his species by devoting himself to becoming a walking encyclopædia. The scheme of duties laid down for "the intending traveller" would, if it were to be carried out under penalties, act very widely as a prohibitive duty upon travelling. We will not say that it would be impossible for a solitary being, gifted with an enthusiastic anxiety for the edification of his species and a facile faith in the prefatorial assurances of Dr. Norton Shaw, to commence and continue a grand tour or a voyage of discovery upon the principles inculcated in *What to Observe*. When once the habit of such an intending traveller's mind had been thoroughly imbued with the necessity for observing every fresh object from an indefinite number of predetermined points all round the compass, and for recording his observations in a set universal jargon or *lingua franca* of scientific terminology, it is probable that he would take a greater pleasure in fulfilling his destiny year after year. He might even die happily of hardships among the sands of Central Africa, a willing and contented martyr to the cause of methodological truth, and leave behind him a journal which, if it should ever reach the Geographical Society, would obtain a merited commendation for painstaking and exhaustive accuracy. We will not say that even two methodological travellers separately trained under Dr. Norton Shaw's auspices might not meet in Central Africa and travel together happily ever afterwards, without becoming mutually aware of the dulness of each other's vocation. But it cannot be denied that any ordinary tourist who governed the motives and method of his travelling conversation in more familiar latitudes by the rules of Dr. Shaw's *Remembrancer*, would soon make himself as deservedly shunned by his species as the celebrated ubiquitous "bore" in the foreign travels of Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson. And it may be hoped that no two fresh and ingenious intending travellers, starting together on a tour with a couple of *Remembrancers* in their hands and a serious disposition to use them, would traverse more than one foreign town without laughing in each other's faces in the street like two Roman augurs, and braking loose forthwith and for ever from the despotism of a method calculated to make their lives intolerable, and their literary remains unreadable.

The conscientious victim under Dr. Shaw's rule would find his troubles commence before he had well crossed the Channel. If he is once to start upon and follow out, as advised, the host of obser-

\* *What to Observe; or, the Traveller's Remembrancer*. By Dr. Norton Shaw. Houlston and Wright. 1861.

ventions on marine subjects which can be logically deduced from the position that the sea is observable first in itself, and then in its connection with and relation to the land, he will be a wiser and a sadder man before he turns his steps inland in search of the next phenomenon which it may be his duty to observe. He has first to exhaust the facts in evidence before him under a catechism of some four pages relating to the sea. It is obvious that the examination of his baggage upon landing will open up a fresh mine for observation in the topic of export and import duties. Dr. Norton Shaw's admirably exhaustive catechism upon this head fills only some two pages, and the work of answering its questions would perhaps occupy a fortnight at each frontier. As long as the traveller confines himself to railroads, he may perhaps be allowed to use his eyes for selfish enjoyment only, as Dr. Shaw seems wisely to have thought that Murray's and Bradshaw's Guides have thrown sufficient illumination upon them to dispense with any more searching inquiry. But should he unwarily come across a river, he has fallen again into a sea of troubles. In regard to its name, its history, its source, its course, its mouth, its banks, its bed, its pace, its rocks, its fords, its bridges, its inundations, its eccentricities of current or temperature, a river is susceptible of more solemn and varied examination than is often dreamed of in the philosophy of those who know not Dr. Norton Shaw. In reporting on the inland navigation of a country, for instance, the observer is adjured not to forget that the size and construction of bridges and boats are apt to vary with the nature of the waters on which they are intended to ply—that rivers which are shallow or full of shoals require the boats to be shallow and without keels—that rivers which are narrow or abound in narrow passages require that the boats should be narrow in consequence, in which case they are generally made longer in proportion—that sails are more useful in broad streams than in narrow ones, and so on. After the natural water system of a country has been tested and sifted in all possible ways, the scheme of its artificial waters is shown to require at least as searching and minute a scrutiny. The questions how canals are made, what they are made for, who made them, who paid for them, who profits by them, who keeps them in order—whether incidentally they are available for drainage or irrigation, and, if either, which, and to what extent—the number and tonnage of the boats navigating each canal, the number of barges on board each boat, and the number of horses used for towing it—are a trifling proportion of the clues to useful information which ought to be followed out by the virtuous traveller. When the average number of passengers now annually travelling by the canal-boats through a flat and formerly fenny country has been ascertained, the pathology of the diseases which prevailed as long as the district was covered with stagnant water is recommended as a laudable variety of inquiry. Many people who think themselves capable of taking an innocent and not unintelligent pleasure in travelling would rather remain at home altogether than run such a risk of becoming subjects for a coroner's inquest by drowning themselves through extreme depression in the canal under investigation. This last branch of the statistics of canals does not seem to have occurred to Dr. Shaw. We really think it would be found at least as profitable an inquiry as many which are set down by the *Remembrancer* as indispensable ingredients in intelligent travelling.

Far be it from us to say that the book is not filled to the brim with valuable and praiseworthy suggestions. Our main or only difficulty in regard to its use lies in the forming anything beyond the vaguest conception of the kind of travellers who really would use it and follow its directions implicitly. The instructions of Polonius to his son Laertes, on the eve of his foreign travels, contain a large proportion of good sense and sound experience. So does Dr. Shaw's *Remembrancer*. Yet there is an invincible dullness in the stringing together of so much good advice with such sententious gravity, which is apt to neutralize its good effect by rendering the dose unpalatable. Mr. Galton's *Art of Travel* is perhaps hardly so faultless a work in syncretical and analytical arrangement as the *Traveller's Remembrancer*. But it would be a far pleasanter travelling companion, and likelier to help an inexperienced voyager out of a difficulty. Mr. Galton would probably tell his pupil, if he found a ditch in his way, to go over it somehow or other, dryshod if he could, wetshod if he couldn't. Let the traveller take his *Remembrancer* out of his pocket when a wide ditch is before him, and a wild bull or a savage in war-paint behind him, and he will find the following admirable and ready recipe for jumping wide ditches:—

Very wide ditches or small streams may sometimes be passed by using a long pole: this is held in the hands and near the top, the right hand uppermost. A short run is then taken, and, upon coming near the brink, the lower end of the pole is directed to the middle of the ditch, while he who holds it firmly springs at the same instant upwards and forwards, by which he is carried over in an arc of a circle, of which the pole is the radius. To be dexterous at this feat requires some practice. The Dutch are great adepts at this.

If the stream is too wide for jumping, even with the help of a leaping-pole, the formula to be applied in seeking a ford recommends itself by extreme simplicity of enunciation:—

Fords must always be sought in the widest part of a river, or in the diagonal line that joins the salient angle of one side of the stream to the salient angle of the other side, and not from the salient angle of one side to the opposite re-entering angle.

It may sometimes become important to the traveller to know what's o'clock. The *Remembrancer* indicates a practical solution of the problem under all circumstances; but when the student of

the book has applied the information given, he may be tempted to think the difficulty treated with a rather superficial levity:—

To know the hour of the day or night, having neither dial nor watch nor angular instrument. We know of no way of effecting this but by the knowledge of certain vegetable or other natural phenomena. Thus certain flowers open and close at stated hours, but these must be known, and only one at a time perhaps can be found in any one locality, and very often not even one.

In default of a power of guessing by the sun, "or other natural phenomena," an ordinary traveller would perhaps provide himself with a good watch before leaving the regions of artificial civilization. But he ought to be fully aware of the serious responsibilities and limitations which the possession of a watch entails. Dr. Shaw is of opinion that—

With common care a watch may be carried by a traveller even on horseback, and keep a fair rate of going; but then he must not forget that he has a watch in his pocket that requires care, and must not dart off at full speed to hunt a wild boar here, or an ostrich there; he must bear in mind that he has a higher object in view, and that at the end of his journey, when he is enabled to lay down a correct map of his route, he will be amply repaid for the little self-denial he bore in keeping steadily on at the jog-trot pace of the baggage horses.

Dr. Norton Shaw's model travellers certainly do deserve to be most amply paid, in some shape or other, for their immolation of self.

#### THE DRESS OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH ROMANCE.\*

CLINTON MAYNYARD, the English one-volume novel which we have grouped with two one-volume French romances, differs from them in some of its characteristics, but there are very strong resemblances between the three books. Each of the three is a gross violation of decency. Each is written by a dull and exceedingly unscrupulous man. Each adopts the most approved resources of the day for creating a sensation. Each illustrates the worst tendencies of the literature to which it belongs. There is even a likeness in difference between their covers. *Clinton Maynard* is bound in purple, with red edges, like a devotional young lady's prayer-book, while *Le Démon de l'Alcove* has a steel engraving for its frontispiece about which the less said the better.

*Une Nouvelle Madeleine* may be described as a romance of the Cresswell Cresswell school. It is a symphony without music on the seventh commandment. The model followed by its author is either the *Fanny* of M. Feydeau or the *Madame Bovary* of M. Flaubert. But let not the most impressive reader be induced by this description to order the book. A stupider pretence of a story was never put together. Page follows page of ostensible analysis of character, but the author has little knowledge of male nature and none of female. He has given us the autobiography of a lady who reasons herself into unfaithfulness to her husband, but he has not the skill to invest with the semblance of possibility that perverse organization which he attributes to his heroine. The sole interest which the book possesses comes from the light it throws on the monstrous expedients for attracting attention which the success of what Frenchmen call the "realistic" school has suggested to inferior writers. There is no sort of foundation laid for the surprising history of the New Magdalen. She is prosperous, happily married, and not particularly sensitive to flattery, nor does she furnish any explanation of her lapses from virtue except by the statement that she is "proud" and "obstinate," and that "de ces défauts était né un esprit de contradiction qui me faisait souvent agir à mon désavantage dans le seul but de contrecarrer la volonté d'autrui." This spirit of contradiction leads the Marchioness Aldomarini to write a gratuitous love-letter to a gentleman whom she had scarcely known before her marriage and has never seen since. The letter is replied to, and a correspondence ensues which so charms the Marchioness that her fit of obstinacy ends in her really falling in love with her correspondent. It turns out, however, that the first of her letters had fallen into her husband's hands, and he it is who has answered her in the name of her imaginary gallant. The result is, of course, that she is bound even by the laws of French morality to love her husband, and thus we are led to expect that the book will close with an eminently proper and improving conclusion, queer as are the means by which it has been brought about. But just before he ends, the writer is evidently seized with a misgiving that his heroine has not positively qualified herself for a place in French romance. The omission is accordingly supplied in a parenthetical chapter, but the Marquis Aldomarini is not deterred by the incident from a general condonation of all his wife's offences.

*Le Démon de l'Alcove*, by Henri de Kock, is the production of a servile imitator of M. Alexandre Dumas the younger. The morality is the morality of the *Dame aux Camélias* and the *Demi-monde*; but while M. Dumas has the grace to acknowledge that the society he describes is exceptional, M. Henri de Kock writes as if he had never happened to be acquainted with an honest woman. The impression he leaves is not so much that he disbelieves in virtue as that he is not aware of its existence. The book is so silly that it is not worth while stating its plot or criticizing the preposterous ethical creed of its author, but we will extract a passage which shows what the "realism" now in vogue with the younger

\* *Une Nouvelle Madeleine*. Par l'auteur du *Roman d'une Femme laide*. Paris: Lévy. 1862.

*Le Démon de l'Alcove*. Par Henri de Kock. Paris: Sartorius. 1862.

*Clinton Maynard; a Tale of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil*. London: Saunders, Otley and Co. 1862.

French writers comes to when attempted by inferior hands. The literary photograph of the younger Dumas has inspired M. Henri de Kock with the following description of two men drinking bitter-beer, which takes up half a page:—

Nous étions arrivés devant le café des Variétés.  
"Un verre d'ale, voulez-vous, Théodore," me dit Edouard, "pour achever notre cigare; puis nous nous en retournerons nous coucher."  
"Va pour le verre d'ale."

Nous nous assîmes à une table en dehors du café; un garçon nous servit une bouteille de cette bière claire, forte, d'une piquante amertume, si estimée des Anglais.

Edouard portait son verre à ses lèvres, lorsque soudain je le vis tressaillir et replacer d'une main tremblante le verre, intact, sur la table.

Une femme s'avançait vers nous.

This scene fairly represents the quality of the writing in the *Démon de l'Alcece*. The writer seems conscious that, with all his impropriety, he has produced nothing but vapid trifling, for he tries to flavour his book by prefixing to it a frontispiece which in this country would expose his publisher to prosecution.

Clinton Maynard, a *Tale of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil*, is so far unlike these two French novels that there is not a word in it to shock modesty, but we are not sure that it does not leave a worse impression of its writer than they do. We are sorry to say that he is apparently a clergyman; at all events, he describes an ordination with a minuteness scarcely attainable by one who has not gone through it in some capacity. Whoever he is, his volume is a prolonged libel on some of the most respected persons and some of the most respectable classes in the country. Now English opinion does not permit a writer to disfigure his pages with one sort of indecency and immorality, but unfortunately it does tolerate the indulgence of furious partisanship and fanatical sectarianism through libellous descriptions of political or religious opponents. Mr. Disraeli invented the contrivance, and must bear the responsibility of placing it in the hands of others stupider but more malignant than himself. The sketches of living men inserted in *Coningsby* and other novels of the same set were scarcely redeemed from vulgarity by their wit, and they were necessarily unjust. The method pursued by their author was to delineate the side of an adverse politician's character which is open to the world's gaze, and then to fill up the part concealed from it by strokes in harmony with the portion seen. The result was generally a picture of perfect baseness; but it was inevitably untrue, inasmuch as the conclusion suggested by the largest experience is that the traits of a man's nature which a political enemy does not see are exactly those which redeem it, and do in fact commend it to his friends. There was not much externally to attract sympathy to Mr. J. W. Croker, but he had just and good, and even great men for his friends, and it is not to be doubted that he was libelled by the Rigby of Mr. Disraeli. But the vice of this mode of attack is best detected when it is employed by people as foolish as they are malignant. The author of *Clinton Maynard*, whom the party of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli is unfortunate enough to reckon among its most enthusiastic members, has amused himself by caricaturing in the *Coningsby* style, through three hundred pages, everybody from whom he has ever differed. He begins by libelling his youthful antagonists in an Oxford debating society, describes his college tutor as a hypocrite and impostor in language which identifies him with one of the most respected prelates on the Bench, proceeds to show up the Bishop who ordained him as a worldly timeserver, and follows up these attacks by a general assault on all the Church parties, religious societies, squires, parsons, and ecclesiastical buildings that he happens to have disliked during his career. It is evident, however, that the coarse directness of his allusions is partly the result of want of skill. He is constantly forced to describe servilely for want of power to maintain himself in a vein of caricature. There is a ludicrous example of this in his account of an Oxford debating society oration, which, begun seemingly as a joke, becomes as it proceeds a perfectly serious report of a speech against the Maynooth grant, probably delivered by the author himself. We are told that the speaker, having been interrupted by cries of "Oh! oh!" continued as follows:—

It will be open of course to those gentlemen who have just made such a disturbance to point out the inaccuracy of my statements or the fallacy of my arguments, when they have heard what my statements and arguments are; but they would confer a great personal favour upon myself, as I am desirous of being frank and clear in what I have to say, as well as upon those who are interested in the discussion of this important subject, if they would have the forbearance to wait until the reasons which induced me to offer it for consideration are fully laid before this meeting.

Of the story of *Clinton Maynard* it is only necessary to say that the hero takes a first class at Oxford, reads for the Bar, discovers himself to be a natural son, is discovered to be legitimate, succeeds to a Baronetcy, becomes "Secretary to a Conservative Nobleman," and finally defeats Lord Palmerston, under the name of Lord Pontypool, in a contest for a borough.

#### MAC-CARTHY'S THREE PLAYS OF CALDERON.\*

IN continuing a series of translations from Calderon—the first portion of which, comprising six plays, was presented to the public in 1853—Mr. MacCarthy has been led to select from the

\* *Love the Greatest Enchantment; the Sorceries of Sin; the Devotion of the Cross*. From the Spanish of Calderon. Attempted strictly in English Asonante, and other Imitative Verse. By Denis Florence MacCarthy, M.R.I.A. With an Introduction to each Drama, and Notes by the Translator, and the Spanish Text from the Editions of Hartzenbusch, Keil, and Aponte. London: Longmans. 1861.

many pieces that remained, not so much the most attractive or unequivocally excellent, as some of the most peculiarly Spanish in character, and illustrative of the extreme tendencies of the author's tastes. The central piece, the "Sorceries of Sin," is an "Auto Sacramental," or Morality, of which the actors represent Man, Sin, Voluptuousness, &c., Understanding, and the Five Senses. The Senses are corrupted by the influence of Sin, and figuratively changed into wild beasts. Man, accompanied by Understanding and Penance, demands their liberation and encounters no resistance; but his free-will is afterwards seduced by the Evil Power, and his allies reclaim him with difficulty. As an instance of the rude simplicity of the symbolism here employed, we may mention that when "Man" lands in the isle inhabited by Sin, he sends out his Senses one by one as scouts, and, as they leave him, finds himself growing blind, deaf, and so on, till he judiciously falls asleep. Everything here attests the primitive form of a drama that has not yet outgrown the Church patronage under which it at first grew up in Spain, as well as in England, and that is still subservient to the inculcation of hard, dry doctrine, instead of freely basking in the fulness of the beauty and grandeur of nature. Yet the plan of the apologue is embellished with many ingenious conceits and artifices, and conformed in the leading circumstances with an Homeric myth—the names of Ulysses and Circe being frequently substituted for those of the Man and Sin. This fact connects the piece with the first and most pleasing in the volume, "Love the greatest Enchantment," in which the same myth is exhibited in a more life-like form, though not without some touches of allegory. Here we have a classical plot, which is adapted to the taste of Spain in the seventeenth century by a plentiful admixture of episodes of love and gallantry. The adventure is opened with nearly the same circumstances as in the tenth *Odyssey*; but from the moment that Ulysses, with the help of a divine talisman, has frustrated all the spells (beauty excepted) of the enchantress, the action is adapted to the manners of a more refined and chivalrous circle. Circe dissembles her favourable inclination for the accomplished guest, and seeks to bring him to her feet by a mixture of reserve and artifice. She compels one of her maids of honour, Florida, to pretend to be enamoured of Ulysses—though Florida and Lisidas had lately done penance, in the form of trees, for falling into that state of mind towards one another. Ulysses, too, has a rival in Prince Arsidas, a former wooer of Circe's, whom she has allowed to retain the shape of a man only to torment him more effectually. In one scene, where the whole party are chatting through the heat of the day, the queen orders Florida to propose some question for discussion; and she, absorbed in her own perplexities, asks whether it is easier to feign a love you have not, or dissemble one you have. Arsidas and Ulysses take different sides, and Circe commands them to settle the matter by experiment; so that the former has to affect indifference, and the latter to make a show of love to her. Thus arise various complications which we need not now follow to their solution. An element of broad comedy is supplied by the misadventures of an honest Greek Clarin, who speaks ill of Circe, and, when she overhears him, strives to throw the blame on his companion Lebel. Circe sends the former to the mountain to receive a treasure from the hands of a giant; he is presented with a huge chest, and gets out of it a dwarf and a duenna to be his inseparable attendants. Afterwards he is transformed into a monkey, and caught by his own friend Lebel, who threatens to take him to Greece for exhibition. He recovers his shape, however, by seeing himself in a mirror, from which incident all *hombres monas*, or men-monkeys, are prompted to take a lesson. In the end, Ulysses cannot be roused to quit the isle of effeminate pleasures till he is summoned by the spirit of Achilles. Circe, on his abandoning her, is overcome with mortification, and lays waste her gardens and palaces.

The third piece, the "Devotion of the Cross," is a tragedy of more modern life, but based on a tale of atrocities, miracles, and prodigies. It is pervaded by a vein of the wildest and most perilous superstition. Dean Trench calls it the "sublime of antinomianism." The hero is a castaway from his birth, like *Edipus*, and runs a risk of committing the like unconscious enormities. He, besides, embraces a life of wilful crime, at first under overpowering temptations, but afterwards with a fiendish eagerness to commit the worst excesses. One redeeming feature remains in his character—he always treats the sign of the Cross with deep respect. Under that sign he was born, and strangely saved from imminent peril. He bears it impressed wonderfully in his flesh; to it he trusts for his salvation, and Heaven supports his confidence. By the appearance of that sign on the bosom of a nun he is withheld from sacrilege, and, as it proves, from incest. Under that sign, he is miraculously rescued from dying without confession. The nun herself—Julia—on being abandoned by such a lover, wildly flees her convent, and endeavours to astonish the world by five or six reckless murders. She, too, is wonderfully rescued from her pursuers by the virtue of the Cross, that she may expiate her guilt by penance.

The topics we have slightly described in these three plays afford ample scope to the invention and romantic imagination of Calderon, but leave no impression of the native moral power and intellectual soundness which are requisite to give an influence of the highest order to a poet, and which have been so ably claimed for the Spanish dramatist in the recent well-known analysis of *Life's a Dream* and the *Great Theatre of the World*. But Mr. MacCarthy may have time hereafter for a more ambitious selection on which to exercise his translating powers. He has manifestly

made diligent use of the plays before us, to practise a strict imitation of the varied and beautiful versification which distinguishes the Spanish Drama. The blank verse of the English stage would be too plain and natural to clothe the high-flown conceptions of this kind of poem, which disdains nature herself in order to press upon us its faith in the supernatural, and disdains the actual character of man in order to realize his spiritual tendencies to a "boundless better or a boundless worse." Our minds have to be attuned for these by the exalted style of the lyrical poet, and the whole composition to be couched in brilliant and musical metres, which must, however, meet the requirements of oratory by a peculiar fluency and continuity.

Several peculiar measures satisfy these requisitions in the Spanish language. Sometimes we have the assonance or vowel-rhyme—slightly felt in a single quatrain, but yet, when it extends over the alternate lines of a long scene, uniting them with an impressive though subtle conformity. Sometimes we have indented couplets inside couplets with full consonant rhymes, as in Mr. Tennyson's *In Memoriam*—the metre in these cases being very vague, but inclining to the accentual trochaic, while the lines are octosyllabic, or perhaps heptasyllabic, if the rhyme rests on single syllables. Sometimes we have rhyming couplets of unequal but beautifully proportioned lines, and most often of seven and eleven syllables, in a quasi-iambic metre. All these varieties, except the first, were carefully imitated by Mr. MacCarthy in his early translations; but in the present volume he directs our attention to his attempted imitation of the assonant, or, as he writes it in Spanish guise, "asonante" verse. We are sorry that we must declare this imitation in great measure a spurious one, likely either to deter future translators from the problem to be solved, or to afford them a fatal precedent to follow. We must allow at the same time that the imperfections of the translator's method have not prevented him here and there from producing many long sequences of assonant rhymes, of which the incorrectness is but slightly felt—nay, some even that are perfectly correct and effective; and his worst assonances leave us lines of very tolerable blank verse in the Hiawatha style. But he has not fully realized an effect to which he has often made inconvenient sacrifices of the plainness and directness of his style, and of that fidelity to the details of Calderon's conceptions and expressions which he claims to have pursued with much solicitude. We must add that most or all of the English assonantists whom we have hitherto read seem to us to have committed similar errors, and that we must venture to include them strictly in the same censure.

It is, indeed, surprising, that the principle of assonance, however hard it might have been thought to realize in English, should be so easy to pervert as experience proves it. The definition would appear simple enough. "The Spanish assonante," says the late Lord Holland, "is a word which resembles another in the vowel on which the last accent falls, as well as the vowel or vowels that follow it; but every consonant after the accented vowel must be different from that in the corresponding syllable. Thus, *tos* and *amor*, *orilla* and *delira*, *álamo* and *pájaro*, are all assonantes." This is fairly applicable to our own language, if we do but consider a vowel to mean a sound, and not merely a character, and if we combine words like *time* and *tide*, but not words like *one*, *two*, *four*. But how does the English versifier construe a rule like this? He combines any words in which he writes similar vowels; and when you come to read them aloud, they slip through as many sounds as if you had before you a table of the irregularities of our orthography, compiled expressly for the phonetic journals. Take some instances from Mr. MacCarthy:—We find, on page 40, the words "*woman*, *lover*, *hopeless*, *torment*," presented as assonants. We will not stick at the second vowel in *woman*; for the German assonantists have set the example of neglecting the form of a weak final syllable: so that we should not have been surprised at finding "*woman*" matched with "*postscript*." Even the plural, "*women*," is matched in the volume with words containing *o...e* like the above, and also joined elsewhere with words containing *i...e* like "*children*;" for the ear, though long defrauded, will at last have its revenge upon the eye. But all this only makes the confusion worse, when you come to add on the varieties of "*i*" or "*y*" as thus:—

For 'tis ascertain'd that women,  
When to letters or to arms  
They with resolute will apply them,  
Oftentimes surpass the men.

But these are extreme cases; and it will be naturally asked if Spanish usage does not afford precedents for some slight fluctuation in the sounds of the vowels on which the assonance rests. We must answer that the Spanish vowels, from the nature of the language, have a perfectly uniform sound, except only that their quantities may vary. A vowel ending a strong syllable is slightly and mechanically lengthened, when it would have been short in the middle of such a syllable. This is the case in the words "*ba-na*, *espa-da*, *casal-tan*," which end the first corresponding lines in the ballad of "*Rio Verde*." Is not, then, the Englishman, it will be asked, to be allowed to form long and short vowels *ad libitum*? He is welcome, we should say, if the pairs of vowels comprise perfect counterparts, like the *eta* and *epsilon* of the oldest Greek, and not the *eta* and *epsilon* of the modern Greeks. In other cases we must refuse him this privilege. If he wishes to couple the short "*e*" in "*zephyr*," having its true Latin or Spanish sound, to the "*e*" in "*succeedeth*," which invades the dominion of the Latin *i* long, he makes as spurious an assonance as if he were to pair the words "*cuerpo*" and "*repito*" in Spanish.

It is remarkable that blemishes like this thrust themselves upon our notice in the very first assonant lines which Dean Trench has introduced in his analysis of Calderon's *Life's a Dream*:—

C.—All, as thou commandedst it,  
Has been happily effected.  
K.—Say, Clotaldo, how it passed.  
C.—In this manner it succeeded  
With that mildly soothing draught  
Which thou badest should be tempered  
With confections, mingling there  
Of some herbs the influences  
Whose tyrannic strength and power,  
And whose force that works in secret,  
So the reason and discourse  
Alienateth and suspendeth,  
That it leaves the man who quaffs it,  
Than a human corpse no better,  
And in deep sleep casting him  
Robs him of his powers and senses.

Here the fourth and tenth lines ending in "*succeeded*, *secret*," present no sort of assonance unless you pronounce them in the Irish way, so that the first word shall rhyme with *aided*, and the second begin like *sacred*. But the words "*effected*, *sacred*," in spite of their appearance, would have satisfied the requirements of the ear, at least approximately. What shall we say of verses where the "*a*" in "*quarrel*, *water*," resembling the Italian "*o*" aperto, gets into the company of an "*a*" figuring as "*e chiuso*" in a word like "*sacred*?" or where the "*u*" in "*humble*" is matched with the "*u*" in "*tunic*," as if a German versifier were to confound the sounds of *ö* short and *juh* long? Can we expect assonances of this kind to give any pleasure to the ear, except such as might have been derived from blank verse? The translator observes for his excuse, that the vowels in the greater portion of the English vocabulary are less open and resonant than in Spanish; but this would only be a reason for their being matched with more strictness. He confesses, indeed, that he has often produced merely the ghost of a rhyme; but this, he says, is better than none at all:—

And I have found from my own experience, that an inflexible determination to reproduce it, at whatever trouble, even though with imperfect success, enables the translator more closely to render the meaning of his original, and saves him from the danger of being tempted into diffuseness by the facilities of expansion which even the unrhymed trochaic without the assonante too readily supplies. Translators who have felt the weight of too much liberty might find within the restricted limits of the assonance the same salutary restraints which Wordsworth discovered

"Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground"—

it is to be hoped with some slight portion of the same success.

There is some truth in this; but the restrictions to which the translator has subjected himself are often of a kind less suited to the minstrel than to the acrostic-writer or lipo-grammatist. But we must illustrate our perhaps too technical reflections by some actual specimens of Mr. MacCarthy's versification. We shall first exhibit the best effect which he is able to elicit, when he takes pains, from a genuine assonance. That of the following passage rests on the vowels *u...e* (*u*=*ö* nearly), in the second, fourth and other even lines:—

All the garden is one joy:  
Not a plant that here hath budded,  
Not a leaf but breathes from out it  
Fragrance that no tongue can utter.  
And that Sight and Smell should boast not  
That this Eden hath reulted  
Solely from their aidance, list!  
Limpid fountains leap and bubble,  
Breaking with melodious beat  
Songs, whose never-ceasing burden  
Seemeth sad when most they laugh,  
Mirthful most when most they murmur.  
And the envious nymph of air,  
Seeing earth so richly studded  
With the flowers of many springs,  
Joined in this that is the youngest,  
Has unto her azure plains  
Flowers of other kinds conducted;  
Which, upborne on myriad wings,  
Living nosegays float and flutter.

The next passage will show the weakness and clumsiness of the merely orthographical assonance, resting here on *a...e* in the first, third, and other odd lines:—

He it is who in my heart here,  
Ah! as if 'twere Troy hath kindled  
Such a fire, that soon in ashes  
Doubtless it must be dissolved;  
And with reason, since already  
Wrapped in hidden flames it burns:  
Every breath it breathes, volcanic,  
Every sigh an Etna seems.

The style of Calderon is diffuse and equable, seldom exhibiting a concentration of power on a few lines or phrases; and this fact would make it difficult to estimate the skill of the translator from any short passage that we might quote here. His version must be criticised from a musical point of view—a few harsh and pithy lines excepted. It is a line-for-line one, but not remarkably close or adroit; and the style is fluent, but wants terseness and simplicity to a degree that would be hardly excusable without large allowance for metrical difficulties. Such difficulties, however, have apparently been augmented by the false maxims as to assonances which we have noticed; and very frequently, moreover, by an over-fondness for the English heroic couplet, which is often substituted, at the expense of a weak paraphrase and of a loss of lyric effect, for the fine unequal distichs to which we have referred. Thus the following two lines near the beginning—

Parece que han oído  
Nuestro lamento y misero gemido—

literally "it seems that they have heard our lament and pitiable groaning," are expanded to—

It seems that they have listened to our prayer,  
Our wild lament that pierced the darkness air.

And these expansions are too frequent, and generally too commonplace, not to be felt as detrimental where the ease and boldness of a free translation are absent.

#### THE SCOTO-OXONIAN PHILOSOPHY.\*

THE purport of this small volume is not very obvious from its title. Few of our readers would suspect that by an *Examination of the Principles of the Scoto-Oxonian Philosophy* was intended a criticism of the principles enunciated by Sir William Hamilton, and accepted, and to a certain extent popularized, by Mr. Mansel. For Sir W. Hamilton's system is not particularly characteristic of Scottish thought, while we believe that we may fearlessly assert that the general tone of Oxford philosophy is decidedly adverse to Mr. Mansel's speculations. True, his *Bampton Lectures* were listened to with marked attention alike by college dons, admiring undergraduates, enthusiastic young ladies, and astonished scouts. But any man who knows anything of the interior of an Oxford common-room must have heard before now frequent expressions of an uncomfortable suspicion that Mr. Mansel's well-meant support of orthodoxy was not unlikely to issue in a sceptical conclusion; while Mr. Maurice, who is half an Oxford man, and Messrs. Chretien and Goldwin Smith, who more faithfully reflect the tone of thinking men in that University, have done battle with Mr. Mansel on points more or less affecting the central point of his argument. Accordingly, we demur to the title of this little book as a fair representation of its object.

We have called it a little book, but it is really smaller than it looks; for thirty-four out of its sixty-six pages are taken up with *pieces justificatives* from the writings of Sir William Hamilton and Mr. Mansel, and a very large part of the remaining thirty-two is occupied with a continual repetition of the same argument. Nothing can be more wearisome than to find an author perpetually traversing the same ground, and applying the same mode of reasoning to several details in succession, when he might have saved his own trouble and ours by disposing of them all at a single blow. A case is not made at all stronger by a reiteration of that sort. No man is at all more inclined to disbelieve the earlier Roman annals because Sir Cornewall Lewis takes the trouble to tell him exactly how many years elapsed between the several events recorded in them and the capture of Rome by the Gauls. If that catastrophe is to be regarded as an historical cataclysm before which no recorded event is to be believed, it is needless to repeat the observation in reference to each succeeding event. So, in the book before us, it is idle to point out the analogy between belief and consciousness in relation to every argument applied to the latter, when a single sample would have done for all. Let us illustrate our meaning by a quotation:—

Let us proceed to examine the arguments by which Hamilton and Mansel seek to establish their positions.

It is urged by them that Consciousness, in every mode of its exercise, necessarily implies relation. In order that it may take place there must be two correlative factors, a conscious Subject, or person, and an Object, or thing, of which that person is conscious. The Absolute, on the other hand, is directly opposed to, and exclusive of, the Relative. When, therefore, we affirm an Absolute thing or being to be an object of thought, or of any mode of Consciousness, we at the same time affirm of that thing or being relation, and the negation of relation; and thus our affirmation in its very terms destroys itself.

It is, however, important to observe, what our authors appear to have overlooked, that the above-mentioned condition of Consciousness is equally characteristic of Belief. For Belief necessarily implies relation: in order that it may take place there must be a believing subject or person, and an object or thing in which he believes.

If, therefore, adopting the position of our authors, we hold the Absolute to be negative of all relation, we ought to conclude that we fall into equal contradiction whether we affirm it to be an object of thought, or an object of belief.

Again, we are told that Consciousness, in every mode of its manifestation, necessarily implies distinction. To be conscious, we must be conscious of something, we must distinguish that something from nothing, and distinguish that which it is from that which it is not. The Absolute, on the other hand, as identical and one, is negative of plurality and difference. When, therefore, we speak of an Absolute thing or being as an object of consciousness, we at the same time predicate of that being two contradictory attributes, and thus our affirmation in its very terms annihilates itself.

Here again the argument of our authors has a wider scope than meets their requirements. For Belief, no less than thought and other modes of consciousness, necessarily implies distinction. In order that we may believe, we must believe in something: we must distinguish that something from nothing; we must distinguish ourselves as believers from the object of our belief, and we must distinguish that which we believe from that which we do not believe.

If, then, conformably with the reasoning of our authors, we treat the Absolute as negative of all distinction or difference, the right conclusion to arrive at is, that we commit equal absurdity whether we affirm it to be an object of thought, or an object of belief.

Again, it is urged that our thought and every mode of our consciousness take place in time, and thus can have no community of nature with an Unconditioned and Absolute out of time, in the absence of which they cannot be competent to apprehend them.

But our belief takes place in time as well as our thought, and so far is no better qualified by community of nature to apprehend the Unconditioned and the Absolute than are our thought and consciousness. So that in this

case, as in the preceding, if we accept as valid the argument presented to us, we are bound to conclude that the Absolute is not merely beyond the sphere of thought, but also beyond the sphere of belief.

This conclusion, however, though sufficiently obvious, is wholly ignored by Hamilton and Mansel, who affect to demonstrate a completely different one—viz., that the Absolute, though totally incogitable, is yet necessarily to be believed.

We ought to observe that, after a digression, the author returns to the same point in pp. 12—15. But, setting this aside, it is clear that half a dozen lines might have done the work of as many pages. The argument is simply this:—"Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mansel have demonstrated the Absolute to be incogitable and incognizable, and not subject to the conditions which alone render consciousness possible; but the same mode of reasoning would also prove it to be incredible, belief being a form of consciousness."

To estimate the value of this argument, we must first determine its author's drift. Does Timologus (for that is the pseudonym in which he rejoices) intend it for a mere *argumentum ad hominem*, or does it express his own deliberate conclusion? In other words, is he merely trying, to use Mr. Goldwin Smith's expressive trope, "to drive Mr. Mansel over a precipice," or is he an atheist himself? There are indications in the book which point either way. For example, the concluding passage of the book leads, on the whole, to the former inference:—

We see then that Mr. Mansel has failed to accomplish the double task he has undertaken; viz., to prove, on the one hand, the duty of believing in an Infinite Personal God; and, on the other, that the expression, "Infinite Person," is language wholly incogitable. If we grant the negative portion of his thesis, we are precluded from accepting the positive, and find ourselves forced by his own principles to the conclusion, that the existence of an Infinite Person can by us be neither conceived nor believed.

Thus his logical labours, instead of triumphantly vindicating the cause of orthodoxy, redound notably to the advantage of Spinoza, Schelling, and Hegel. Not unjustly may the shade of Casin Bampton address to him the expostulation, "I took thee to curse mine enemies, and behold, thou hast blessed them altogether."

The following passage rather draws us to the opposite conclusion:—

There may be an Unconditioned and an Absolute suitable for rational discourse, possibly even of high concern to our Reason, and only indeed by admitting this can we hold the above teaching of Sir W. Hamilton for valid and intelligible. But the Unconditioned and Absolute against which he and Mr. Mansel ply their logical batteries are such that Reason can feel in them no interest whatever. Her only concern with respect to these is to see that she be well rid of them. She does not in the least object to being deprived of these notions, but she insists on being at the same time relieved of them as articles of belief.

For it appears from the context that the "Unconditioned and Absolute suitable for rational discourse" signifies the fundamental truths of morality; while the "Unconditioned and Absolute" referred to in the other clause means no other than the existence of an Infinite and Absolute God.

Now, as the former quotation is intelligible upon the supposition of the author's atheism, while the latter is scarcely reconcilable with his theism, we suppose that we may fairly conclude that his argument is meant for more than an *argumentum ad hominem*. But if this is the case, his reasonings may be disposed of by a summary process. *Solvitur ambulando*. It is in vain to argue that belief in an Absolute is impossible, because belief is a mode of consciousness, and consciousness implies relation, and the Absolute does not admit of relations—so long as belief in an Absolute Being is found to exist. For, let it be observed that Timologus is not content to argue that such a belief is illogical or irrational; or, if he did so argue, his argument would fail of hitting its mark, because it is necessary that it should be strictly parallel to that of the writers whom he is assailing. Now Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mansel prove, or endeavour to prove, that consciousness of the Absolute is not irrational, but impossible; therefore, if the argument of Timologus is to be worth anything as an *argumentum ad hominem* (for which it is intended upon any supposition), it must prove that belief in the Absolute is not merely irrational, but impossible. If then, as appears from what has been said, the essay is intended for anything more than an *argumentum ad hominem*, it comes to nothing, for, whether rightly or wrongly, men do believe in an Infinite and Absolute Being.

But, further, the theory breaks down even regarded as an *argumentum ad hominem*. For there is a latent ambiguity in the proposition that belief is a mode of consciousness. No doubt consciousness is implied in belief, so that a man cannot believe without being conscious that he believes. But that of which he is conscious is not the thing in which he believes, but the fact that he believes in it. The consciousness which is implied in belief is self-consciousness, and its sole object is the subject. Mr. Mansel has argued that we can have no direct cognizance of an Absolute or Infinite Being. With the validity of his argument we have nothing to do; but we contend that its validity is in no way linked to that which asserts, in contradiction to plain experience, that we cannot believe in such a Being. It is fair to say that Timologus has endeavoured to establish a connexion between these (to our minds) totally independent positions:—

Yet, neither Hamilton nor Mansel appears to have perceived this obvious result of their doctrines. They nowhere intimate to us that they acknowledge the existence of any faith or belief out of consciousness, but always speak of belief as a conscious state—as contained under consciousness.

Indeed, in giving an account of consciousness, Sir W. Hamilton expressly contends that no knowledge or belief can exist out of it. "Is there," he asks, "any knowledge of which we are not conscious? Is there any belief of which we are not conscious? There is not:—there cannot be:" "therefore," he adds, "consciousness is not contained under either know-

\* *Examination of the Principles of the Scoto-Oxonian Philosophy*. By Timologus. Part I. London: Chapman and Hall.

ledge or belief, but on the contrary, knowledge and belief are both contained under consciousness."

Yet of course, if this be so, belief, as well as knowledge, must partake of the nature of consciousness, and be subject to the restrictions which affect it, and limit its sphere of apprehension. We have seen, however, that according to the teaching of Hamilton and Mansel this is not the case; for while they restrict consciousness universally to the apprehension of the Finite, they assert for Faith, or Belief, a power to apprehend the Infinite.

This inconsequence is, if possible, brought still more strikingly into relief, when we turn to other portions of Sir W. Hamilton's writings.

In his theory of perception he takes especial pains to prove that we cannot be conscious of an operation to the exclusion of its object;—for instance, that we cannot be conscious of seeing or of smelling a rose without being conscious of the rose. This doctrine plays an essential part in his theory of perception, and is reproduced by Mr. Mansel in his treatise on Metaphysics.

If this teaching be correct, we cannot be conscious of belief in an object, without being conscious of that object.

The fallacy involved in the former part of this argument has been already exposed; that involved in the latter scarcely needs an exposure. What else is the meaning of the antithesis between Faith and Sight?

We have no space to follow the author through the whole of his argument. Some, indeed, of the points upon which he touches would not find a suitable place in our columns. To one only shall we allude. We must again quote at length:—

Mr. Mansel shows this more particularly, with respect to Personality. He urges that Personality, as we conceive it, is essentially a limitation, and concludes that the expression "Infinite Person" is language to which no mode of human thought can possibly attach itself.

In conformity with such results, he stigmatizes the Infinite as a feeble and negative impotence of thought, a term dishonourable to God, a barren, vague, meaningless abstraction, in discoursing of which men babble about nothing.

In this impotence of reason, thought and consciousness, recourse is had to the transcendental organ of Faith, and the following conclusion is ultimately presented to us: "It is our duty then to think of God as personal, and it is our duty to believe that he is Infinite."

As Mr. Mansel has just demonstrated that we can think of nothing but the finite, it follows that the God of whom we think as personal must be finite; and thus we find ourselves constrained by his teaching to affirm two Gods—a finite one of whom we think, and an Infinite one in whom we believe without thinking.

This is monstrously unfair. We are not in any way concerned to defend Mr. Mansel's speculations, as we do not pin our faith upon them. But, as against his new antagonist, we should be willing to defend them if we did not know that Mr. Mansel is quite able to defend himself. But, to return to the passage before us—it would be difficult to find elsewhere so many fallacies and so many mis-statements compressed into so small a compass. For, in the first place, when Mr. Mansel asserts that the expression "Infinite Person" is "language to which . . . no mode of human thought can possibly attach itself," he is careful at the same time to intimate that the same language may be "true in a superhuman sense." Timologus has done him the justice to quote his words *extenso* in a note. But if Mr. Mansel allows that the expression "Infinite Person," though involving that which is incogitable, is nevertheless an admissible one, it is hard to see how he should "in conformity with such results," stigmatise the Infinite as "a term dishonourable to God," and so forth. And, in point of fact, he does nothing of the kind. Again, Timologus has quoted the passage, and we will do the same:—

We dishonour God far more by identifying Him with the feeble and negative impotence of thought, which we are pleased to style the Infinite, than by remaining content within those limits which He for His own good purposes has imposed upon us . . . Personality, with all its limitations, though far from exhibiting the absolute nature of God as He is, is yet truer, grander, more elevating, more religious, than those barren, vague, meaningless abstractions in which men babble about nothing under the name of the Infinite.

It is not "the Infinite," but that "which we are pleased to style the Infinite"—the mere metaphysical abstraction—which it is dishonouring God to identify with Him. Mr. Mansel does not forbid us, here or anywhere else, to predicate Infinity of God, but he shrinks from creating an imaginary Infinity, and making it our God.

Lastly, we have the grossest fallacy of all. "As Mr. Mansel has just demonstrated that we can think of nothing but the finite, it follows that the God of whom we think as personal must be finite." Not at all. It follows, perhaps, that in thinking of God as personal, or, in fact, in thinking of Him at all, we think of Him as finite; but it does not by any means follow from that that He is finite. We cannot conceive infinite space or time; but in thinking of space or time we are obliged to bring them within some imaginary limit; but it does not follow from this that space and time are bounded.

We observe that the volume before us professes to be Part I. If Timologus ever gets as far as Part II., we hope he will condescend to tell us what he believes in himself. Does he, for example, believe in an "Infinite Person," or does he not? We should think better of his speculations if they pointed to any positive conclusion.

#### BETTER DAYS.\*

THIS book is a collection of novelettes. Its title gives no information regarding the nature of its contents, and the contents themselves, to a superficial view, seem connected into one story. But closer observation shows that, though the writer may have intended them to form one story, they really consist of a number of tales, of which any one easily might, and probably would, have had

\* *Better Days*. Edited by the Rev. Reginald Shutte. 2 vols. Saunders and Otley.

an existence independent of the rest, but for circumstances connected with the required bulk of the publication, and the general prejudice in favour of novels in two volumes, as opposed to novels in one. A given book, let us say, will consist of a number of chapters, which may be aggregated either on the principle of the chain, or on the principle of the cumulus. An author has a right to elect whichever of the two principles he prefers to illustrate, only he ought to make up his mind with a clear view of the distinction between them. A book of which the chapters are as so many links of a chain constitutes one story, more or less artistically framed, as each link can be shown to have its own indispensable value in helping to constitute the chain. A book of which the chapters are as so many items of a cumulus may be printed under one title, and profess to be one story, but each chapter is itself a story—each item of the cumulus establishes a little conclusion of its own—and the aggregate is not a novel, but a collection of novelettes. Thus, in *Better Days* there are forty chapters; but these are not so much forty links of a chain as forty disconnected items of a cumulus. The unfortunate part of it is that the author seems to be unaware of the difference. He adds chapter to chapter with apparently no clear view as to the connexion of any one chapter with those which have gone before, or its bearing on those which are to come after. The nature of a chain is such that, if one link be withdrawn, the whole chain collapses. This principle, as applied to literary composition, results in the law that a novel, to be perfect, must be so written that the withdrawal of any one chapter would make its successors unintelligible, or at least unlikely. The very word plot implies some such system and unity of conception. But in *Better Days* the withdrawal of one chapter would rarely affect its successor at all; they would be equally intelligible and equally probable; the novel would consist of thirty-nine chapters, instead of forty, but that would be all. There are some sermons so composed that it is impossible to predict the exact moment of the conclusion. A number of theological truths are aggregated in a long series, but so aggregated that when the sermon ends there seems no valid reason why it should not have continued for ten minutes more or terminated ten minutes sooner. If the author of *Better Days* intended to produce this effect, he has been successful; but the result of such a plea would only be to transfer our unfavourable criticism from his execution to his conception. On the whole, it is better to have failed in the execution than in the conception. The former error may be rectified with better fortune in a next attempt—the latter seems hopeless.

The reader of this novel will probably share our curiosity regarding the sex of its author. It is edited by Mr. Reginald Shutte, but the authorship is carefully concealed. Since the days of *Jane Eyre*, authors appear to consider it a pleasing test of the talents of the critic to leave the sex of the author to conjecture. Should the critic assign to a male hand a novel which has proceeded from a female pen, or the reverse, the author triumphs internally over the unsuccessful critic, and applies the moral of the reviewer's bad fortune in this particular speculation to depreciate the value of his criticism as a whole. It is true that some men compose like women, and some women compose like men; but in the author's own circle, for a critic to have conjectured wrongly regarding the author's sex is regarded as a feather in the latter's cap. A critic who cannot even decide correctly whether it is a man or a woman from whose pen the novel has proceeded is an inexperienced critic, and inexperienced critics cannot be accepted as fair judges of the worth of a given publication. In spite of this danger, however, and with a full consciousness of the evil results of failure, we are inclined on the whole to attribute this novel to a female, and perhaps a 'prentice hand. Arguing *a priori*, we have seldom found in the bolder sex that diffidence which would prompt a writer to bring out his earliest publication under the protecting shelter of foreign editorship. Arguing *a posteriori*, there are points connected with its conception as a whole, and also with its treatment in matters of detail, which seem inconsistent with the theory that the masculine intellect produced it.

It is probably to a lady that we are indebted for *Better Days*. The conclusion is important, as suggesting a more delicate tenderness in treating it, and also as accounting for certain idiosyncrasies which appear to have modified its conception and made it what it is. In the first place, the novel is unfortunately an anachronism. Whatever be its merits or its defects, it is undeniably behind its time. We are almost led to believe that the story has been for some period in existence, and that the Horatian estimate of the value of time in increasing the worth of a composition has been accepted literally. Had this book seen the light ten or fifteen years ago, the mission of its author would have been clear; as it is, it is somewhat obscure. *Better Days* is a novel which may be regarded as the glorification and apotheosis of the High Church theory. The burden of the song is the praise of what is called "the orthodox Puseyism." The details of the story are the merits and the demerits of people of the other way of thinking. The former lambs are rarely shorn, or, at the most distant appearance of the shearer, the wind is immediately tempered. The latter are kept shorn as close as possible, and the wind is endowed with extraordinary powers the moment they are summoned out of cover. This perhaps affords satisfactory reading to those who have embraced the author's religious views; but to others, and perhaps even to those who have not troubled themselves one way or the other, it is less delightful. The former theory is demonstrated to be correct, not only on abstract grounds, but also by the results to which it leads. The adherents of the latter are heavily weighted from the beginning, and are shown pretty clearly that the race is not intended to end

in their favour. Like all fictions composed to prove a theory, the book is so far unconvincing. If an author of opposite views had composed the story, the results would probably have been the other way. It is of course easy, if two infants are introduced of whom one is baptized by pious parents and the other is not, to drown one under melancholy circumstances, and to bestow on the other a death of comparative amenity; but unless the author shows that the omission of baptism has a necessary connexion with sudden drowning, and its due performance with an opposite result, we conceive that his treatment of the question is open to objection. It is delightful to see a work of fiction conduct an intemperate character by a melancholy route to a melancholy conclusion, but then an author opposed to the views of Father Matthew would be sure to take the opposite line. Hogarth's series of pictures illustrating the respective careers of Idleness and Industry proceeded from a painter conceiving from the Industry point of view. On the legal axiom that both sides are entitled to a hearing, it would be only fair to ask for a series of pictures representing the success of Idleness. If virtue were always rewarded in this world and vice invariably punished, *à priori* views might have a right to this violent method of demonstration; but unfortunately we live in a world where apparent results are sometimes at issue with preconceived moral theories. The virtues of High Churchmen may very likely be superior to those of others, but the problem is not entirely settled by an author who composes only to illustrate his own prejudices, and who would have us believe that fortuitous results are connected with certain supposed causes by an invariable law of causation.

The animus of the author of *Better Days* is not so satisfactory, as it is displayed honestly. His object is to demonstrate the merits of the High Church party. He must surely believe this party to be in a minority, or it would never be worth his while to disparage the whole clerical body in order to effect his purpose. The statistics from which the following result is obtained have not yet been made public:—

It is a well-authenticated fact that whatever may be the religious predilections, the personal appliances of the English benefited clergy are so expensive that in the majority of cases very little can be extorted from the purse beyond what the lists of public charities reveal, and then indeed we see a fair sprinkling of benefactions; but it is too severe to add that the publication of names is very often the incentive of giving?

If we are to answer this question, the author must be good enough to state the sources from which he derives his information regarding the "personal appliances" alluded to. When Mr. Trollope exhibits an archdeacon, a dean, or a bishop, in an unfavourable or even in a contemptible light, we may probably deplore the taste of the author, but we must confess that at least he contrives to be amusing. But then Mr. Trollope's foil is trenchant instead of clumsy; nor does he ever remove its button to make such a savage thrust as the following:—

Does the mitred bishop of a large body of clergy set them an example of feeding the hungry and clothing the naked? Does he not rather instruct them in self-indulgence, in the use of the luxurious barouche, in the well-appointed table, in the voluptuous drawing-room, in the exuberant conservatory, in the French and Indian shawls of wife and daughters, in the velvet of the dinner dress, and the Brussels veil of the bridal?

The author, in the preface, accounts for his choice of subject by the known tastes of the British public. He represents that "the public will have religious tales—religious novels, if you like the name better." And he avers that he complies with their inexorable demands with some reluctance. But surely, in order to write a novel on religious subjects which shall satisfy the public, it is not absolutely necessary to blacken the character of the whole bench of bishops. The sop which the author has thrown to the public Cerberus in this novel is composed of materials which are unwholesome in the first instance, and most indifferently cooked in the second.

Of the numerous novelettes which we have described as composing this story the chief one describes the fortunes of the three orphan daughters of a Mrs. Fellowes. They are exposed in early life to the most imminent danger of straying from the orthodox fold; but, the author relenting on a sudden, they are permitted to grow and expand into eminent ornaments of the Church. After a short struggle for the honours of heroineship, two of them are rewarded for their Church opinions by being permitted to form satisfactory marriages; and the third—who is, perhaps, the chief heroine of the party—being apparently considered too good to live, is commissioned to improve society by her death. As she is represented to be attached to a young clergyman, who not only returns her attachment, but is also, for general High Church merit, placed in a position to marry, it is perhaps questionable whether she ought not to have been conducted to the altar rather than to the tomb. It might, however, have been found monotonous if all three had married; at all events the author evidently thinks so, and accordingly consigns her to an early death. It is unnecessary to say that her death is elaborate as well as edifying. Characters of this sort are not to be destroyed suddenly or at a moment's notice. Consumption is the machine by which they are generally removed from view; and as that particular machine happens not to be tied exactly to time, the choice is a good one. The disease admitting of fluctuations, there is plenty of opportunities for the sympathies of readers to be attached; and when the heroine has said all that seems possible to be said in order to improve the occasion, a blood-vessel is permitted to burst, and the author writes Q. E. D. It will perhaps require some patience to conduct the accomplished novel-reader through these two volumes; but the labour which eventually accomplishes the task will not be without its reward. The reader will have discovered that the conception of life, even

from the author's point of view, by no means invariably excludes the pleasing adjuncts of the good things of this world; and that, so far from its being necessary to give up cakes and ale in order to become virtuous, there are some well-meaning people who regard the cakes and ale as the worthy and befitting rewards of virtue itself. Whether the prospect of a sequel to this novel, which the indulgent author holds out in the conclusion, is to be regarded as a luxury or as a punishment, will probably depend on the theological opinions of particular readers.

#### GALILEO.\*

THIS volume is not altogether an exception to the rule that the merits of a book are generally in inverse ratio to the magnificence of the title-page. The original documents which M. Philarette Chasles promises us turn out in the dedication to be derived from the very valuable contributions of Alfred Von Reumont to Italian history; and the single letter of Galileo's which he offers to the public as a document now first brought to light, is to be found in the Florence edition of Galileo's works of 1842. Nevertheless, the book, although it by no means has any claim to be considered an independent authority on the life and labours of Galileo, may be read with interest, and even amusement, as a truly characteristic example of the French method of improving upon a subject. Von Reumont had, in a systematic and undemonstrative manner, in his article *Galileo und Rom*, set forth, by the aid of Galileo's own letters and those of his friends, and with the assistance of the work of Monsignor Marini, *Galileo e l'Inquisizione*, the true state of the facts with respect to the persecution of the philosopher. M. Philarette Chasles, fortified with Von Reumont's authority, enters the arena with the air of a moral prophet, to denounce the age of Galileo with French promptitude and volubility. The moral turpitude of the age being painted in the background with the blackest colours M. Philarette Chasles has at command, the central figure of his hero comes out quite white by comparison, and whatever shades appear upon his character are attributable to the evil influences by which he was surrounded. It is, however, a great misfortune for a writer to get upon such high moral stilts in the very first pages of his volume as—*nulle force vive ne subsistait plus dans les âmes—le développement du moi s'opérait dans le sens du mal*—as it is extremely inconvenient to get down from them, and impossible to maintain the same elevation and collect all the minor facts necessary to form a reliable and compendious biography.

Nevertheless, the leading principle of M. Chasles's reading of the subject is no doubt the true one. The epoch during which Galileo lived was the vilest of the three centuries which followed the extinction of Italian independence and the fall of Florence. Spanish influence predominated over the Peninsula; the Jesuits, monks, and inquisitors were all-powerful; literature and art had fallen into the lowest state of degradation; Dante was no longer read; Ariosto was the only poet of the past admired by a public who delighted in the *conceits* of Marini. In painting and sculpture Cigoli, Maderno, and Bernini were the favourites of the time; and the historians and moralists could boast no higher names than Guicciardini, the most immoral proficient of the immoral philosophy of Macchiavelli, and Castiglione, who was the servile Chesterfield of a corrupt age. That Galileo should not be a moral hero in such a state of society is intelligible enough, but such considerations form no real excuse with posterity. It was not impossible, but only more difficult for him to bear worthily the great genius with which he had been entrusted. Supported as he was by the esteem or consideration of all scientific Europe, and with the Republic of Venice and the Grand Duke of Tuscany for patrons, it was more easy for him to defend the cause of science with dignity than it was for Giordano, Bruno, Campanella, or Vannini—men who did suffer martyrdom courageously for what they believed to be the truth. The fact is, that Galileo was one of those complex natures whom it is not easy to understand at first sight. In his moral constitution he bears a slight resemblance to Lord Bacon, inasmuch as there were two Galileos—Galileo, the unconscious genius, the lover of abstract truth, hurried on by a power over which he had no control, and of whose impulses he could give no account to himself—and Galileo, the pliant, the subtle, the lover of ease and conventionalities, the *bon vivant*, and the sensualist. It is from the difficulty of comprehending a character of this double nature that tradition has endowed Galileo with a true martyr spirit, and invented the *e pur si muove*, which will in all probability remain a popular anecdote, in spite of all evidence against its authenticity.

The whole tenour of Galileo's life shows that there was an inward energy in the man which might be retarded, but which neither he nor anybody else could wholly repress. Galileo's early life presents some analogy to that of Tasso. Bernardo Tasso, the father of Torquato, was himself a poet, but his poetry had brought him poverty and misery, and he determined to suppress all poetic tendencies in his son, and devote him sternly to law. Similarly, the father of Galileo, a poor noble of Pisa, was a mathematician, and, for like reasons, carefully avoided giving the young Galileo any mathematical instruction, and intended him for medicine. But nature was in both cases too strong to be suppressed. When the boy Galileo was apparently studying Galen or Celsus, he had Euclid or Archimedes buried between them; and he was

\* *Galileo Galilei: Sa Vie, son Procès et ses Contemporains, d'après les Documents originaux. Avec un Portrait, gravé d'après l'Original d'Ottavio Leoni. Par Philarette Chasles, Professeur au Collège de France, Conservateur à la Bibliothèque Mazarine. Paris: Poulet-Malassais. 1862.*

but eighteen years of age when he made his first discovery of the isochronous oscillations of the pendulum, in the cathedral of Pisa, by observing the vibrations of a lamp, which is to be seen suspended in the nave down to the present day. His first notion was to apply it to determine the beat of the pulse; and few doctors, we imagine, are aware that they are indebted to Galileo for this expedient of every-day practice. Galileo thus, by main force, took himself out of the career for which he was destined. The superiority of his genius at once raised him powerful protectors and powerful enemies. With the impatience of commanding powers, he at once assaulted the old-established dogmas of mediæval and Aristotelian philosophy in every direction. He established the true principles of the velocity of the fall of heavy bodies, and demonstrated them by experiments from the leaning tower of Pisa; and in spite of virulent opposition from the Aristotelians, who saw one of the great dogmas of their mystic edifice on the point of being uprooted, he succeeded in getting his discovery accepted, and soon after, by means of the patronage of the Marquis Guido Ubaldi, was elected to the chair of mathematics at Pisa. But Galileo had not yet learnt that a servile spirit was necessary to a tranquil life in that age. Some strictures of his upon a machine invented by a natural son of the Grand Duke of Tuscany brought upon him a persecution, from which he escaped to Padua, where for eighteen years he lived in honour and consideration, with the enjoyment of a large income as Professor of Mathematics at the University, under the protection and encouragement of the Venetian Republic, the only really independent Italian State. It was here that he invented the telescope and microscope, and made his first astronomical discoveries—the irregularities of the moon's surface and the satellites of Jupiter; and if he had been content to live in the Venetian Republic, and devote his life to the cause of science, he would have met with every honour and reward the Republic could have bestowed upon him, and encountered no persecution. But Galileo was not satisfied with this. The favour of Cardinals and the caresses of Grand Dukes were inexpressibly dear to him, and to obtain them he made adulatory advances and protestations. He named the satellites of Jupiter the Medicean stars, and was accepted into the service of the Grand Duke of Florence. He returned to Florence to a life of persecution. At Venice he lived beyond the jurisdiction of the Inquisition, and the Venetians set the Pope's mandates at defiance, and during Galileo's own time carried on war against the Papacy; but at Florence he was as completely under the power of the Inquisition as at Rome itself, and the Grand Duke was almost powerless to protect him.

The consequence of the return of a man so distinguished as Galileo was that every ambitious, meddling monk or priest who wished to force himself into notoriety made Galileo and his discoveries his main objects of assault. *Viri Galilei, quid stotis aspicientes in calum*, was the text of a Dominican preacher with a singular application of Scripture, and the telescope was universally denounced (so Viviani, Galileo's pupil, tells us) as an impious invention which was made for the purpose of prying into the imperfections of the Divinity. When Galileo determined to live in an atmosphere so uncongenial to science, if he desired to live in peace, he should have taken the advice of his politic and astute friends—bent the head when a storm arose and let the worst blow by. Follow my example, wrote Guicciardini—"be everything to everybody." Why did he not make advances to us, said a Jesuit Father, "he might have written all that he liked even on the movement of the earth." But Galileo, with all his knowledge of the world and his love for it, was simple enough to think that by shallow subterfuges, unworthy compliances, and unmeaning professions, he might escape the extreme of servility, and still persevere in propagating doctrines of scientific truth in direct conflict with the theology of the Inquisition. Over and over again he temporized, and retracted the doctrine of Copernicus. Then, urged by his inner genius, he put it forward again. At length, he began to enter into direct argument on the authority of Scripture in matters of science, and received an injunction in 1616, delivered by Cardinal Bellarmine, to abjure altogether the doctrine of the rotation of the earth. Galileo obeyed, and for fifteen years observed complete silence with respect to it. But meanwhile Cardinal Barberini had become Pope under the title of Urban VIII., who as Cardinal had always expressed the warmest admiration for Galileo's talents, and even celebrated his glory in common-place hexameter verse. Encouraged by this circumstance and by a flattering reception from the Pope, Galileo in his seventieth year thought the time propitious for another attempt to bring forward the question of the rotation of the earth, and he wrote his celebrated *Dialogo intorno ai due massimi Sistemi del Mondo*. This dialogue is one of the finest examples of Italian prose, and would alone place Galileo in the highest intellectual ranks. The characters are well conceived, and the arguments against the Aristotelian system are subtly and delicately brought forward; but this fine book has a preface so ignoble, that we cannot avoid feeling positive shame for the cowardly subterfuge of so great a man. He pretends that he is completely of the opinion of the Cardinals who condemned the doctrine of Copernicus, that he approves of their injunction, and that he merely writes the present dialogue as a rhetorical exercise to show that Italy is well acquainted with all the science of the time. It is more than probable that this very device occasioned the ultimate condemnation of Galileo. Among the characters of the dialogue is one Simplicio, the advocate of the Aristotelian theory, the partisan of the past,

who refuses to examine nature and to trouble himself with doubts, trusts to the authority of books, and sleeps in peace. The enemies of Galileo persuaded the Pope that Simplicio was intended for him, and all the exculpations of himself and friends could avail nothing to remove this suspicion from a man who uttered a book with such a falsehood on the very front of it.

From that period until the time of his death, eight years after, in 1642, Galileo lived a prisoner of the Inquisition, though permitted to reside at his own villa of Arcetri in the neighbourhood of Florence, where he was visited by Milton. The enemies of Rome have only damaged their cause by asserting that he was subjected to torture. The vexations he had to endure were moral torture sufficient to break his spirit completely; and his letters are full of complaints of the miseries of his position. One of the last of them leaves a painful impression of the state of mind in which he passed his latter days. It was on the old subject, the doctrine of Ptolemy. He wrote to an inquirer, that the system of Copernicus was absolutely false, since the theologians had declared it to be so; but he added, with a vicious blow at the system of Ptolemy, that is still more false.

The failing of Galileo (not an uncommon one among unfortunate men of genius) was that of men who would be worldly, but cannot be sufficiently so—who will not be wholly true to their calling, nor yet make peace with the world on the world's terms. Galileo was too conscious of the value of his discoveries, of which the rotation of the earth is but a small item, to be able to live submissively and humbly as he was enjoined to do. He would neither accept the mission of science with all its sanctity and ennobling influence, nor wholly give himself up to servility and insincerity. His power of railery, too, made him hated by his enemies, who were very numerous. At the same time there is no ground for believing that he was other than a sincere Catholic. He puts forward in as lucid language as has ever been applied to the subject, the explanation that the physical errors of the Scriptures can be no evidence of their untruth, since Revelation could but use such language to men as their knowledge would enable them to understand.

#### PATTERSON'S ESSAYS.\*

THIS handsome volume contains, in a collected form, a number of papers contributed by Mr. R. H. Patterson to *Blackwood's Magazine*. The Essays are, upon the whole, decidedly pleasant and instructive reading. They lay claim, indeed, to no particular originality. The author has no "mission" in art or politics which it is his business to forward by his writings—he has not even any special crotchets to recommend. His papers give proofs of the careful and conscientious getting-up of his subjects, and he has arranged his materials with judgment, and expressed his thoughts, upon the whole, fluently and agreeably. We find in these Essays much to show us that their author is a practised litterateur, but we cannot give him any higher praise. We conceived a more unfavourable opinion of his attainments from his first Latin quotation, in the first Essay, than was justified by an examination of the rest of the volume. "A fancy so beautiful," he there remarks, "that one might say with Cicero, *Malum cum Platone errare quam desipere aliis*"—a truly extraordinary travesty of a very familiar sentence. But further perusal showed us that Mr. Patterson is a really cultivated and accomplished man, who has read and thought much on the subjects about which he writes. To be sure, his papers remind one sometimes of a schoolboy's themes, and his finer writing has a fatal tendency to become overstrained, tawdry, and sentimental. The writer's mintage is hardly of authority enough for coining such words as "rejuvenate," and his over-elaboration of his subject often makes him tedious and feeble. Still, if any one wished to acquire with small pains the current information about the subjects which Mr. Patterson has taken up, he could not do better than consult these Essays. It is no blame to them, but rather the contrary, that they have a strong local colouring. They are written in Edinburgh for Scottish readers. This comes out gracefully and appropriately enough in the concluding paper, which is a notice, in *memoriam*, of "Christopher North." In fact, a formal eulogium of Professor Wilson written for *Blackwood's Magazine* would have been in bad taste without it. But in other papers perhaps there might have been, with advantage, less frequent reference to Scottish peculiarities. And we scarcely know whether even loyalty to a deceased editor justifies such a queer anecdote as the following:—

We could name an eminent individual, now no more, as rarely gifted with physical beauty as with mental powers (Professor Wilson), to whom the contemplation of his portrait was almost a passion. No one less vain or more noble-hearted than he, yet his painted likeness had always a fascination for him. "It is a curious thing," he used to say, "how I like to look at my own portrait." Was it not because, in that beautifully developed form and countenance, the spirit within had most successfully embodied its ideal, with little or no hindrance from extrinsic circumstances, and accordingly rejoiced, though it knew not why, in the presence of its own likeness?

In his preface, Mr. Patterson takes credit to himself for having suggested, in his Essay on *Our Indian Empire*, the expediency of those political measures—the concession of a right to purchase land in fee-simple and the redemption of the land-tax—with which Lord Canning has signalled the conclusion of his vice-regal government. In spite of this, we think our author's art-papers more worth reading than those on history and politics. One of the latter class,

\* *Essays in History and Art.* By R. H. Patterson. Edinburgh: Blackwoods. 1862.

indeed, on the Ethnology of Europe, is a good *résumé* of the common opinions on the subject, though showing no particular discernment and a decided tendency to over-credulity. For instance, we can scarcely agree that craniologists have demonstrated as yet that these islands were inhabited by two pre-Celtic races. This is a hasty induction from insufficient data. Nor, again, have scholars as yet endorsed M. Bodichon's theory, that the Berbers of Northern Africa are cognate with the natives of Brittany, whom Mr. Patterson here calls Iberians. Philology, indeed, of which Mr. Patterson seems to be quite ignorant, would lead to a different conclusion. But the author treads on firmer ground in the other division of his Essays; and we the more welcome his papers on art-subjects because so liberal a tone as his about the higher applications of art is not always found in connection with the religious peculiarities of Scottish Presbyterians.

The fact is that Mr. Ruskin's trenchant paradoxes, uttered in his famous Architectural Lectures at Edinburgh, excited some of his Scottish adversaries, and Mr. Patterson among the number, to vehement controversial opposition. We owe to this a spirited essay by the present author, on the *Battle of the Styles*, in which he is thoroughly roused out of his usual placid mediocrity. Here he boldly denounces Mr. Ruskin's "aesthetic bigotry," and defends warmly against his sneers the maligned architecture of the Greeks. Not that Mr. Patterson has a word to say against the rival Gothic style. He professes to be "catholic in his tastes," and to find no difficulty in admiring both styles, and in condemning both styles, in turn. He attributes all Mr. Ruskin's vagaries to a "fantastic spirit of symbolism," and with some ingenuity constructs a parallel line of argument to prove Gothic architecture in an ascending climax to be "licentious, meretricious, mocking, scoffing, profane, pagan, diabolical." He is more happy in refuting Mr. Ruskin's architectural positions than when he deals with the lecturer's views about landscape painting. Here he runs off into rhapsodies in which it is difficult for a plain man to follow him. But his conclusion may be quoted, not in approbation, but as a specimen of extreme contrariety to the views about landscape painting in general, and Turner in particular, which Mr. Ruskin has made popular:—

We do not undervalue landscape painting;—it is no part either of our inclination or our theory to do so. We love it, as we think, wisely, not—like Mr. Ruskin—too well. And we shall never consent that he should defame higher and infinitely nobler manifestations of mind by subordinating them to, or even placing them on an equality with, this last and lowest of aesthetic studies. A copier of lifeless matter, of inanimate nature, to be classed with giants of intellect whose heads touched the skies! An expatiator in the narrow field of landscape painting to be ranked with men whose genius overflowed all creation! Shakespeare, Bacon, Turner! BAH!

Mr. Patterson's short essay on Sculpture is one of the best in the volume. Not that it contains much new matter; but the common-places of the subject are well put. The author discourses of Form, of the Nude, of Repose, and so forth; but there is not a word about the application of colour to statuary. He ventures to dissent from the opinions expressed by Guizot and by Chantrey, that violent action should be proscribed in sculpture, and appeals for confirmation of his argument to the laughing Centaur in the Capitol. There are few who will not think that his praise of this statue is excessive. It is a truism, and in no sense an answer to Chantrey, to say that "a degree of motion may, by throwing the body into gentle curves, be made greatly to increase its beauty." Who denies this, for instance, of the Venus de Medici? Mr. Patterson asserts, with respect to this statue, that—as he was informed by a professor of anatomy who had made it his special study—"half an inch further stoop of the body would, were the same attitude retained, make it lose its balance." It is somewhat curious that this Essay, while describing or noticing most of the finest statues of antiquity, does not even mention the Venus of Milo, the chief ornament of the Louvre, whose majestic beauty, in the judgment of many, far surpasses the less spiritual charms of her sister at Florence.

Another paper, entitled *Colour in Nature and Art*, is a good specimen of the writer's elaborate compilation. He adopts and enforces M. Chevreul's well-known laws, and attempts to apply them, not unsuccessfully, to the proper treatment, in respect of colour, of galleries of sculpture or of paintings. M. Chevreul's scientific exposition of the laws which ought to guide *blondes* and *brunettes* respectively in choosing their bonnets duly finds its place in this paper; and Mr. Patterson undertakes to give practical advice as to the colours of their clothes, not only to the wearers of polychromatic uniforms, but to those who usually dress in monochrome, such as parsons and sportsmen. He says:—

There is one remark I would make which deserves to be noted by two numerous and very opposite sections of the community—to wit, clergymen and lawyers on the one hand, and sportsmen and other cognate classes on the other. These gentlemen always, or most frequently, wear a one-coloured suit, the clergy all black, the sportsmen plaid or mixtures of various kinds. This style of dress is often very pleasing to the eye, and recommends itself on various grounds; yet it must be remembered that, of all modes of apparel, a one-coloured suit is the least economical. It presents no contrast of colour by which the leading hues may be kept in apparent freshness. Moreover, a coat, waistcoat, and trousers of the same colour cannot be worn together with advantage, except where they are all new. Men's new black trousers worn with a coat and waistcoat of the same colour, but old and somewhat rusty, will exaggerate this latter tint; while at the same time the black of the trousers will appear brighter. White trousers and also ones of reddish-grey mixture will correct this tendency to rustiness in black upper clothes—and indeed there is nothing like white trousers for making every kind of coat look well in its old age.

Far less practical is the Essay on Real and Ideal Beauty. Here the author wanders into a pathless wilderness of speculation, in

which Form, Sound, Association, Fitness, Ugliness, and the Beautiful, all with capital letters, figure on every page. Thither we shall not endeavour to follow him. Suffice it to say that Mr. Patterson seeks to establish, from our knowledge of the laws of harmonics in music, some universal principles of symmetrical beauty. He is not the first, nor will he be the last, to follow this Will of the Wisp. We do not mean to deny that some such laws exist; but we believe that their discovery would be utterly useless as a practical guide in art, and would be of small value even for the criticism of art. Mr. Patterson quotes no less a name than Sir Isaac Newton for this pregnant sentence:—"I am inclined to believe that some general laws of the Creator prevail with respect to the agreeable or unpleasant affections of all our senses; at least the supposition does not derogate from the wisdom or power of God, and seems highly consonant to the simplicity of the macrocosm in general." It would appear that a Dr. Macvicar—whose fame, we are ashamed to say, has not reached us—has, in Mr. Patterson's opinion, solved this long-vexed question by proving that the scalene triangle, according to Plato's theory of the Simply Beautiful in Form, was the actual guide of the ancient Greek artists in fixing all the proportions of their works. This gentleman is asserted to have discovered that "every great work of ancient sculpture (in so far as it can be said to occupy a rectilinear area) is contained, as in a frame, by the Scalene of Plato itself, i. e., the triangle which has for its angles 90°, 60°, and 30°, or by some of its most simple combinations, or would plainly have been more beautiful had it been so." As if the clause which we have italicized did not beg the whole question! Those who may be disposed to pursue these speculations further may be referred to Mr. Patterson's Essay, which is one of the longest and most laboured in the book. We have said enough to show that the present volume will repay perusal. It is decidedly above the average in respect of merit; and we can well understand that so versatile and fluent a writer has more excuse than many of his contemporaries for republishing his scattered papers in a collected form.

#### WESTERN CORNWALL.\*

MR. HALLIWELL has here entered on a field of research of much wider extent, and of much deeper interest, than his cursory and desultory ramblings could allow him fully or satisfactorily to explore. In this field, he has been apparently more intent on following a path which others have struck out for him than in finding one for himself. But an old subject may be made sufficiently attractive in a new dress; and to bring forth a vestment that has long lain musty in the wardrobe, brush it up, and readapt it to modern fashions, may be a praiseworthy undertaking. Something of this sort Mr. Halliwell has now done, and his book will be welcome to many possessing a taste for the antique, which is undoubtedly a growing and pleasant one. The subject has truly an inspiration of its own for every rambler in search of antiquities on English ground. Cornwall is, through all its length and breadth, peculiarly the county of the archaeologist. Much yet remains for his investigation—more perhaps than in any other of our counties. Even an ordinary observer, and much more a writer so well known as Mr. Halliwell, would deserve to find an audience while awakening some of the wild echoes of the past, which will always be worth listening to, if only as a faint indication of the troubled, stormy, and lawless scenes of bygone ages—reminding us, like the ground-swell so often heard on the western Cornish shores, of the fierce turmoil that has been going on in some far distant part of the Atlantic. Cornwall, too, like primitive lands generally, has preserved a number of those oral and rude traditions of which its monuments are supposed to confirm the truth. Most of these have been committed to writing; but with the same ardour that essays to preserve and enshrine the relics of the demigod of the Drama, our author seeks to gather up whatever is yet remaining of the "folk-lore" in relation to the former heroes of the Land's End district.

Mr. Halliwell is evidently fired with his subject, and is a firm believer that he has here before him the memorials of a Titan race. He gravely tells us that more than three thousand years have passed away since the last of the giants disappeared; and yet so enduring have been the monuments of their greatness, that "their caves, their houses, their clubs, their tombs, and their chairs," are still to be seen, and that some of the quoits, or large stones, which they were in the habit of hurling, have still left remaining visibly impressed upon them the marks of the mighty fingers by which they were grasped. Their footprints are also stamped on the granite rocks, and traces of their mighty fortifications are yet discoverable on the cliffs. The reader who is desirous to see what a giant could do in those days of old must read the account of Gog-magog, a monster of twelve cubits in stature, who, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth, lived on the coast of Totness, when our island was called Albion. Another, named Cormoran, who inhabited St. Michael's Mount, was, as Mr. Halliwell says "every tyro of English history knows," killed by the redoubtable Jack the Giant-Killer; after whose days the race seems to have become extinct in Cornwall.

In giving us, as Mr. Halliwell does, with so much gusto, the veritable character and exploits of such early monsters as Gog-magog (whose fame, we may venture to remind him, reached even as far as the hills named after his highness near Cambridge)—not forgetting Thunderbore, who is described as having "goggle eyes like flames of fire, cheeks like a couple of large fitches of bacon," &c.—it is a

\* *Rambles in Western Cornwall, by the Footsteps of the Giants. With Notes on the Celtic Remains of the Land's End District and the Islands of Scilly.* By J. O. Halliwell, F.R.S. London: J. R. Smith.

pity that he should have lost sight of a few other dignitaries of the iron age of Cornwall, whose fame is so well known that they figure largely in some of this county's histories, written by Polwhele and others. Two of these may seem deserving of special mention—St. Just and St. Keverne. On the road side, nearly between Breage and Marazion, he might have seen several huge blocks of a rock called Dillage, peculiar to Crowsa-down, which is at least fifteen miles distant. These, so the legend runs, were once the convenient missiles which St. Keverne snatched up in haste from the aforesaid locality, when he went in pursuit of his saintly friend, who had visited him from the Land's End parish, but ran away from his house after dinner with the plates. Overtaken at last, he was constrained to drop his stolen goods, though not till he had received tokens of the anger of his pursuer in these gigantic boulders flung after him, which are left still lying on the down by the side of the equally remarkable plates so much coveted by St. Just. This tradition, puerile as it may appear in itself, may serve to show that the age of the Cornish saints and the Cornish giants is not separated by so wide an interval as Mr. Halliwell's theory, before alluded to, would lead us to suppose. It will be found, in fact, very difficult to separate these portions of the legendary history of Cornwall. Both of them, it may well be presumed, owe their origin to the days of the *Geata Romanorum*—in other words, to the "Ages of Faith," whose monastic writers delighted to amuse the children of the Church, just as, in all times and countries, the children of the nursery have been amused and kept in order by tales of the monstrous and the marvellous.

But while Mr. Halliwell apparently follows the footsteps of his favoured giants with much devotion, he shows but little reverence for another class of antiquarian remains, which are perhaps equally deserving of confidence as credible or decipherable records of the past. What have been called Druidical circles by our older archaeologists, "are now," he says, "believed with more reason to be merely circles of stone serving to define, and perhaps support, the barrows or sepulchral mounds, such sepulchral mounds having been discovered surrounded by stone circles. Some specimens of these are also found so constructed that if the barrow and its contents were removed, there would remain only a circle of stones like that originally was at Boskednan." A variety of these supposed Druidical antiquities, assumed to be such without hesitation by Borlase, Stukely, and others, are pronounced by our author not to possess a tittle of evidence, or even probability, that they were ever connected with the ceremonies of the Druids. He even goes to the length of stating his belief, that there is not a single Druidical relic, Stonehenge itself not excepted, to be found in Britain. The last monument he believes to be "a gigantic mausoleum in the middle of a British cemetery, which continued in use during the Roman sway."

These sweeping observations lead to the idea that Mr. Halliwell would place the description given us by Julius Caesar and Diodorus Siculus, of the Druids and their rites, upon much the same basis as Niebuhr and Sir G. C. Lewis have placed the early history of the Romans by Livy. One circumstance certainly favours this scepticism. No ancient writer mentions these stone erections supposed to be Druidical works, in connection with the Druidical rites; and much might be said to show that they were of much older date than the Druids, and probably of Phœnician origin. Certain it is, that the Israelites, in common with ancient nations, erected monuments of single stones; and it would appear, stone circles, as the tokens of some great national achievement or national victory. The book of Joshua furnishes evidence of the first usage; and the latter will, if we mistake not, be found referred to in a book of much later date, where such stones are described as the *stones of a crown*—literally, "circled stones" lifted up for an ensign upon the land." Zech. xvii. v. 16. Mr. Halliwell's incredulity on this point does not, however, damp his ardour in searching out, and endeavouring to identify, the various vestiges of this kind which have been previously described by Cornish antiquarians under the names of cromlechs, holed stones, crosses, or stone erections in their different forms. In reference to the use of the term *Crellas*, applied to what he supposes to be the remains of a large Celtic hut in the parish of St. Just, he makes the candid observation, that "the ancient stone circles of this county originally served a variety of purposes, and that no one theory is true which pretends to be applicable to all."

In connexion with these investigations, which must be allowed on all hands to be sufficiently interesting, whatever may be the theories attached to their several objects, it is to be regretted that Mr. Halliwell has not enlarged his work a little more, so as to embrace a wider or more original sphere of observation. He has been too ready to content himself with that which has been laid open before him, instead of adding to the stock of learned lore which Borlase, Polwhele, and their successors, have shown themselves laborious in accumulating. His work is therefore deficient on some points where we might certainly have expected much from fresh antiquarian research. We are not contented altogether, to be treated with a well got-up dwarf quarto volume, where giants are so much in question. We cannot but admire the work of the printer—his blooming capitals, grotesque head-piece scrolls, and choice type and paper, with ample margin, all daintily in accordance with the canons of Bibliomania. But this is only giving us too much of the dessert, and too little of the more solid viands. The former dainties would have been more agreeable if we had not missed some of the characteristic fare which it might have been thought Mr. Halliwell would have been able and willing to provide. To give an illustration in point. When

he brings us to St. Michael's Mount, we are treated to some commonplace eulogies on the beauty of its appearance, as one of the localities to which distance lends enchantment. Its monastic structure, harmonizing so admirably as it does with its grey rocks, is, we are informed, "a type of England itself—a beauteous gem set in the silver sea." Would it be supposed that with these and a few other remarks on its picturesque appearance, and a slight reference to the Chair of St. Michael himself, the whole subject should be dismissed with the meagre remark "that the edifice on the summit, on a nearer approach, seems to be but a half-patched and bad imitation of the antique"? Thus, then, all the noble memories which throng around this locality are set at naught; and instead of giving us something as good at least as others have produced before him from their ancient stores, Mr. Halliwell leaves the genuine province of the antiquarian for that of the frothy, poetically-leavened tourist.

#### The vision of the guarded mount,

with all its manifold associations, when connected with the kindred rock and shrine on the coast of Brittany, is taken no more notice of than if these things were all mere moonshine. It would seem as if our author had scarcely put his foot within the building whose ancient chapel and "Chevy Chase" apartment all antiquarians have hitherto agreed on treating with some degree of attention and inquiry. There can, indeed, hardly remain a doubt, that as large a volume as the Bishop of Avranches has devoted to his own Mont St. Michel, might be written of its somewhat humbler and originally dependent rocky shrine in Western Cornwall. It may, therefore, be justly complained of, that Mr. Halliwell's haste after his Giants led him to make too rapid strides over a spot where there was so much that might have detained him, and where he might, no doubt, have contributed something in the way of illustrative researches far more certain and worthy of remembrance than those vague traditions which are little better than the history of Polyphemus by the side of the history of England.

Although the object of our author's visit to the West was professedly that of an antiquarian, he has included in his notices a variety of amusing observations in reference to the habits and customs, as well as superstitions of the existing Cornish race. We are favoured with a lively remark or two on their fondness for pies. "I am told," says he, "there are as many as two or three hundred varieties of these." One of the oddest is called *Star-gazing pie*, which is made of pilchards, the head of the fish appearing over the crust. The story of the "Lammy pie" (copied from Warner) with which, we are told, a cockney was once regaled at St. Ives, appears scarcely credible, and may be set down among those morsels of fun cooked by Tregellas in his younger days to hoax the Londoners. Mr. Halliwell, in the course of his rambles, does not fail also to notice certain botanical objects characteristic of peculiar localities. But these possess little value on the ground of novelty. He observes of the Cornish moneywort, that it grows near Penzance—he might have said throughout Cornwall. He should have informed his readers of a much rarer plant—the *Cynodon Dactylon*, or Creeping Dog's-tooth grass, found hardly anywhere in England but upon the sands near Marazion. Again, in some of his notices of rare plants growing near St. Ives, he is apparently ignorant of the fact, that the much sought-for and scarce maidenhair fern is almost peculiar to one cave in that locality—Carrick Gladdon. On the subject of natural history we note that his references are defective in another instance. He tells us of the singular tradition that "three giants, one lady and two gentlemen," were inhabitants of Cliff Castle, near the famous Logan Stone, and that "westward from this is the cove of Polcarnew, with its fine white beach descending into emerald waters." The description might have been enhanced in value to some tourists and readers, if he had mentioned that this beach is famous among naturalists of the district for the abundance of exquisitely beautiful small testacea, found scarcely anywhere besides on the coast.

Notwithstanding such omissions, Mr. Halliwell's book contains a variety of curious and amusingly told details, which are here brought together for the use of those who have neither time nor inclination to collect them for themselves, or from the older works in which they are treasured up. Our readers would (many of them, at least) wonder what could be meant by a "boiled thunderbolt;" yet this, in the country west of Penzance, is a term applied to a Celt, supposed in boiling to cure its owner's rheumatism. On the borders of Cornwall and Devon, we believe, a Celt *without boiling* is considered a valuable specific for a disease in the breast to which young mothers are frequently subject. One of the most singular superstitions to which Mr. Halliwell refers is that still practised at St. Enry's Well—dropping a pin into the water when a crippled child is immersed three times in it. This, and other superstitions respecting the efficacy of charms, are indicative of what the national, not to say the county mind was before the Reformation, and what it still continues to be where the Reformation has done only a part of its destined work. Mr. Halliwell's book will doubtless be of service in calling attention again to these and other curious peculiarities or traditional usages, which have rendered Cornwall, and particularly the western part of it, a district in England almost *sui generis*, and one which, in these days of railway travel, is far more accessible to researches of every kind than heretofore; and to those

\* It seems right to mention here that the existence of a pie with such a name is by some persons deemed apocryphal. The writer of this article was once privy to a warm argument between the late Dr. Buckland and a clergyman of wide information, born and bred in the Western district, who stoutly contended that such a pie existed only in the Doctor's imagination, or that he had been imposed upon.

who wish for an antiquarian guide-book on a diversity of subjects, this undoubtedly will prove an interesting and attractive volume on many accounts. Not the least interesting is that part of it which relates to the Scilly Isles, in which our author has grouped together, in a short but lively sketch, some of the most remarkable features, topographical and traditional, of this singular collection of islets and islet rocks. Respecting these, however, there is one tradition (strangely ignored by Mr. Halliwell) that they were anciently a part and parcel of the mainland of the district called Lyonesse—stretching from Mount's Bay, but separated and swallowed up by an inundation or other catastrophe, connected probably with earthquake oscillations greater than those which, in our own day, Mr. Edmonds (a diligent observer of such phenomena) has noticed, and recorded as frequent, in the *Reports of the Royal Geological Society at Penzance*. The forms of these small islands of Scilly are of great variety, as may be understood from the following description of an old writer which Mr. Halliwell quotes. He compares them to a feast disposed in the following manner:—

St. Mary's, a skate; Treco, a side of mutton; Bryce, a dried ling; Sampson, a leg of veal; White Island, a sole; Annet, a lobster; Agnes, a venison pasty; an islet near it, half a goose; Tean, a capon; St. Helen's, a shoulder of mutton; Bigger White Island, a bacon ham; St. Martin's, a plum pudding; Great Arthur and Great Gannick, a brace of rabbits; Little Arthur, Rat Island, and others, pies and tarts. The rocks and lesser islands lying scattered about these are as oysters, cockles, and shrimps for garnish; and the intermixed surrounding seas as the flowing tides of liquor to drown the care of the inhabitants." (p. 223.)

We quote this passage, as it suggests a variety in the repeat something like the multi-ornamentation provided by our author in the book before us. The glowing language in which it recommends the Scilly Isles to the notice of visitors as possessing the most varied attractions to the invalid in their warm genial atmosphere and placid retirement, may, without exaggeration, be extended to the whole of the western shores of a county which has everything within its range to supply the wants and wishes of the tourist ramble, either in the way of natural productions, picturesque scenery, or that food for the imagination which is to be found in the traditions of mediæval superstition and still older romance.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications.

## NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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PIECES.—Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of FENDERS, STOVES, RANGES, CHIMNEY-PIECES, FIRE-IRONS, and GENERAL IRONMONGERY, as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or excellence of workmanship. Bright stoves, with ornamental ornaments, 12s. to 435 lbs.; bronzed fenders, with standards, 7s. to 45 lbs.; steel fenders, 2s. to 41 lbs.; ditto, with rich ornamental ornaments, from 1s. to 410 lbs.; chimney-pieces from 2s. to 41 lbs. the set to 41 lbs. The BURTON and all other PATENT STOVES, with radiating hearth-plates.

**BEDSTEADS, BATHS, AND LAMPS.**—WILLIAM S.

BURTON has SIX LARGE SHOW-ROOMS devoted exclusively to the SEPARATE DISPLAY of Lamps, Baths, and Metallic Bedsteads. The stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make his Establishment the most distinguished in this country.

Bedsteads from 12s. 6d. to 400 0s. each.

Showers Baths from 10s. 6d. to 25 0s. each.

Lamps (Moderate), from 10s. 6d. to 40 0s. each.

(All other kinds at the same rate.)

Pure Colza Oil 4s. 3d. per gallon.

**DISH COVERS AND HOT-WATER DISHES**, in every

material, in great variety, and of the newest and most recherché patterns, are on show at WILLIAM S. BURTON'S. Tin Dish Covers, 7s. 6d. the set of six; block tin, 12s. 3d. to 30s. 6d. the set of six; elegant modern patterns, 12s. 6d. to 50s. the set; Britannia metal, with or without silver-plated handles, 23s. 10s. to 45s. the set of five; electro-plated, 23s. to 45s. the set of four. Block Tin Hot-Water Dishes, with wells for gravy, 12s. to 30s.; Britannia metal, 12s. to 77s.; electro-plated on nickel, full size, 45s.

**WILLIAM S. BURTON'S GENERAL FURNISHING**

IRONMONGERY CATALOGUE may be had gratis, and free by post. It contains upwards of Five Hundred Illustrations of his Unlimited Stock of Slating, Silver and Electro-Plate, Nickel Silver, and Britannia Metal Goods, Dish-Covers, Hot Water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Chimney-Pieces, Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gasaliers, Tea Trays, Urns, and Kettles, Clocks, Table Cutlery, Baths, Toilet Ware, Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, Bed-room, Cabinet Furniture, &c., with Lists of Prices and Plans of the Twenty large Show-Rooms at 38, Oxford-street, W.; 1, 1a, 2, 3, and 4, Newman-street; 4, 5, and 6, Fenny's-place; and 1, Newman-mews.

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FOR CHURCHES AND DWELLINGS.  
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Rielmond Hill, Surrey.—Physician, Dr. E. W. LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin.  
The TURKISH BATH on the premises, under Dr. Lane's medical direction.  
Consultation in London, at the City Turkish and Hydrophobic Bath, 5 South Street, Finsbury, every Tuesday and Friday, between One and Four.

**LONDON HOMOEOPATHIC HOSPITAL, Great Ormond**  
Street, W.C.—The Board of Management earnestly beg Support from the friends of Homoeopathy, and especially from the members of the locality who, having themselves derived benefit from it, are generously disposed to confer similar benefits on the sick poor. Contributions gratefully received by the Members of the Board or the Honorary Secretary.  
7th April, 1862. RALPH BUCHAN, Hon. Secretary.

**SAUCE.—LEA & PERRINS**  
beg to Caution the Public against Spurious Imitations of their world-renowned **WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.**  
Purchasers should ask for **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.**  
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and FAMILY GROCERS, beg to direct attention to their choice Selections of Breakfast and Luncheon Delicacies, Comestibles, and Articles for Dessert, including amongst others York and Westphalia Ham, Pickled and Smoked Ox Tongues, Strasbourg and Yorkshire Pies, Smoked Salmon, Sardinia, Gorgonzola Anchores, French Truffles, Preserved Green Peas, French Beans, Mushrooms, Tomatoes, French and Spanish Olives, Crystallized and Glazed Apricots, Greenpeas, Strawberries and Angelica, Jordan Almonds, Muscatel Raisins, Figs, French Plums, and a variety of French Chocolates and Bonbons. Their celebrated Pickles and Sauces prepared under personal supervision, James, Jellies, Tart Fruits, Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Spices, Soaps, Candles, Colza Oil, and all Household Requisites supplied of the best descriptions. Families regularly waited on for orders.  
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ESTABLISHMENT, 16 GROSVENOR STREET, BOND STREET, where all communications are to be addressed. PIANOFORTES of all Classes for Sale and Hire.—City Branch, 25 Cheapside, E.C.

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**PRICE'S GLYCERINE** may be had from any Chemist in 1lb., 1/2lb., and 1/4lb. Bottles; the stoppers of which are secured by a capsule lettered "PRICE'S PATENT." HARRIS, Vauxhall, London, S.

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by **DR. LOOOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.**—From Mr. W. J. Dale, Chemist, 65 Queen Street, Portsea. "From the immense sale I have had of Dr. Loock's Wafers throughout this populous locality, I must do you the justice to say that I consider them invaluable for coughs, colds, asthma, &c." To singers and public speakers they are invaluable for clearing and strengthening the voice. They have a pleasant taste. Price is 1/6d., 2s. 6d., and 11s. per box. Sold by all druggists.

**PARR'S LIFE PILLS** are particularly recommended to all persons who are suffering from headache or indigestion, whether arising from constitutional inaction, bilious dyspepsia, or over-indulgence at the table. They have never been known to fail in affording immediate relief. May be obtained of any Medicine Vendor, in boxes in 1/6d., 2s. 6d., and 11s. Family Packets 1s. each. 1/6d. each with each box.

**V.R.—ROYAL TURKISH BATHS, BLOOMSBURY.**  
BEST FOR GENTLEMEN. (2s. 6d.) ONLY ONE FOR LADIES. (3s. 6d.)  
ALWAYS READY. Public and Private. Cards free by post. 25 GUY'S SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C., near the British Museum, Muller's, and the Foundling Hospital.  
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USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY, and pronounced by HER MAJESTY'S LAUNDRESSES to be the FINEST STARCH SHE EVER USED. Sold by all Chandlers, Grocers, &c. &c.—WOTHERSPOON and CO., Glasgow and London.

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CORDIAL CAMPHOR, and LEMON SYRUP. Bottles now double the size and effect. At all the chief Druggists, and the Works, 104 Strand, London; with Dispensing Jars and Books.

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**LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL,**  
prescribed by the most eminent Medical Men as the safest, speediest, and most effectual remedy for

CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS, RHEUMATISM, GENERAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.  
Is incomparably superior to every other kind.

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**Sir HENRY MARSH, Bart., M.D.,** Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland.  
"I consider Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil to be a very pure Oil, not likely to create disgust, and a therapeutic agent of great value."

**Dr. GRANVILLE, F.R.S.,** Author of "The Spas of Germany."

"Dr. Granville has found that Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil produces the desired effect in a shorter time than other kinds, and that it does not cause the nausea and indigestion too often consequent on the administration of the Pale Oil."

**Dr. LAWRENCE, Physician to H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.**  
"I invariably prescribe Dr. de Jongh's Cod Liver Oil in preference to any other, feeling assured that I am recommending a genuine article, and not a manufactured compound, in which the efficacy of this invaluable medicine is destroyed."

Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil is sold only in Imperial Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 6d.; Quarts, 9s.; and is guaranteed by his stamp and signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE, by respectable Chemists and Druggists.

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The Field, the Opera, and the Sea,

2s. and 4s. Guineas.

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**H. J. & D. NICOLL,** clerical dress, ecclesiastical, state, law, corporation, and University robe makers. The best at moderate prices for cash payments. 114 Regent Street, W.

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**M. F. DENT, 33 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, Watch, Clock, and Chronometer Maker, by special appointment, to Her Majesty the Queen.** 33 COCKSPUR STREET, CHARING CROSS (corner of Spring Gardens), London.

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| Full Size.              | Fiddle. | 1/2 sized. | King's. | Lily.   |
|-------------------------|---------|------------|---------|---------|
| 12 Table Forks .....    | £1 7 0  | £1 14 0    | £1 16 0 | £1 14 0 |
| 12 Table Spoons .....   | 1 7 0   | 2 14 0     | 2 16 0  | 2 14 0  |
| 12 Dessert Forks .....  | 1 0 0   | 2 0 0      | 2 0 0   | 2 0 0   |
| 12 Dessert Spoons ..... | 1 0 0   | 2 0 0      | 2 0 0   | 2 0 0   |
| 12 Tea Spoons .....     | 1 0 0   | 1 4 0      | 1 4 0   | 1 4 0   |

Each article may be had separately at the same price. The most beautiful and varied assortment to be seen anywhere of tea and dinner-services, cruet-sets, dress-frames, dial-covers, side-dishes, waiters, tea-trays, fruit-stands, &c., the quality excellent, and the prices the lowest possible. Estimates submitted for furnishing with plate and cutlery military messes, hotels, and all public establishments.  
Celebrated Cutlery in large stock for selection and immediate shipment at Sheffield prices. Illustrated Catalogues post free. The only London establishment is opposite to the Pantheon, Oxford Street.—Manufacturers, Royal Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

**CHUBB'S PATENT SAFES**—the most secure against Fire

and Thieves.

CHUBB'S FIRE-PROOF STRONG-ROOM DOORS.

CHUBB'S PATENT DETECTOR and STREET-DOOR LATCHES.

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**CHUBB & SON, 57 St. Paul's Churchyard, London; Liverpool; Manchester; Wolverhampton.**

**MORTLOCK'S CHINA WAREHOUSE, 250 Oxford Street.**—CHINA Dinner, Dessert, Breakfast, and Tea Services, at a great reduction for CASH, in consequence of the expiration of the Lease.—250 Oxford Street, near Hyde Park.

**GREAT INDIAN PENINSULA RAILWAY COMPANY.**

Twenty-fifth Half-Yearly General Meeting. Notice is hereby given that the TWENTY-FIFTH HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING of the Proprietors in this Company, will be held at the London Exchange, Bishopsgate, on Friday the 25th day of April instant, at twelve o'clock at noon, for the General Business of the Company, pursuant to the Act.

The Books for the Registration of Stock and Shares will be closed from Saturday the 19th to Friday the 25th instant inclusive, and Transfers will not be received during that period.  
By Order.  
THOS. R. WATT, Secretary.

Company's Offices.—No. 2 New Broad Street, E.C.  
London, 2nd April 1862.

**CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUSTRALIA, and CHINA.**

HEAD OFFICE, 30 THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON.

Incorporated by Royal Charter.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, £250,000.

With Agencies and Branches at Bombay, Calcutta, Singapore, Hong Kong, and Shanghai. The Corporation Buy and Sell Bills of Exchange, payable at the above-named place, issue Letters of Credit, undertake the Purchase and Sale of Indian Government and other Securities, and receive Deposits at Interest. The terms for which may be known on application.

**THE BANTRY BAY SLATE and SLAB COMPANY**

(Limited).

Capital £15,000, in 3000 Shares of £5 each. Deposit, £1 on application, and £1 on allotment. Registered under the Limited Liability Act.

Directors.

Joshua Finner, Esq., Cecil Street, Strand. Edward Frederic Leeks, Esq., 2 Walbrook, E.C.

Henry Jordan, Esq., 7 Albemarle Street, E.C. Hon. Francis Henry Needham, 121 Pall Mall.

Major-General Mason, Brompton.

BANKERS.—Bank of London, Threadneedle Street.

Brokers.

Messrs. Ross, Lindsay, and Bedford, 4 Lothbury, London.

H. W. Fountaine, Esq., Manchester. Messrs. Orr and Co., Belfast.

Henry Flint, Esq., Leeds. Messrs. Stephens and Co., Dublin.

Edwards Fox, Esq., Dublin.

Advocates.—To be Elected by the Shareholders.

Secretary.—Mr. Namby.

Overseer.—1 Lothbury.

This Company is formed to purchase the lease of and to work a thoroughly proved Slab and Slab Quarry, already developed, situated on the south side of Bantry Bay, in the parish of Kilmacshane, in the county of Cork. The quarry is situated directly on the shore of the bay, which advantage will permit the slates and slabs to be shipped at a few yards only from the quarry, by means of a pier to be constructed from the debris out of the quarry.

The local demand for slates is immense for roofing as well as for other purposes, and as there are no other slates produced in the south of Ireland equal to those made at this quarry, they are more sought after and obtain a higher price than any other.

The quarry is held under lease for ninety-two years, entirely free from any royalties, at the moderate rentals of £10 and £11. An agreement has been entered into by the directors for the purchase of the same for the sum of £7000, of which a considerable proportion will be taken in shares of the Company.

The full prospectus contains a statement, which has been prepared with great care, and confirmed by E. H. Blake, Esq., late Managing Director of the Irish Mineral Exploring Company, Limited, that will convey a correct estimate of the present value of the quarry, and the profits to be derived from working it. This quarry is no new or untrodden ground, but has been very profitably worked by the early proprietors, and is only now sold by the present owners from inability to raise the capital required to work it efficiently.

The statement above alluded to shows a dividend of 13 per cent. on the whole nominal capital of the Company, or 30 per cent. on the amount proposed to be called up.

Considerable profit will be derived from working the quarry, of which there is an abundant supply, and for which there is also an unlimited demand for export as well as home consumption.

The Capital of the Company will be £15,000, divided into 3000 shares of £5 each; £1 to be paid on each share at the time of making the application, and £1 per share upon receiving the allotment; and no call will be made for six months, and then afterwards at such times as may be required for the efficient working of the quarry, but no call will exceed 10s. per share.

Shareholders can, at any time, pay up the whole amount of their shares in all such cases interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum will be allowed upon the amount so paid up, beyond the calls made for the time being.

The Company being incorporated under the Joint-Stock Companies' Act, with Limited Liability, no shareholder can, under any circumstances, be liable or responsible for any amount beyond the shares for which he has subscribed.

# THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE TELEGRAPH COMPANY, LIMITED.

To be Incorporated with Limited Liability, under the Joint Stock Companies Acts, 1856 and 1862, whereby the Liability of Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Subscriptions.

Capital £25,000, in 15,000 Shares of £2 each.  
Deposit £1 10s. per Share, of which 10s. is to be paid on Application, and £1 on Allotment.  
A Subsidy of £1500 per Annum was granted for 15 years, by Act of the Colonial Legislature, in 1861.

Interest at the rate of six per centum per annum will be paid by the Contractor upon the amount paid up in respect of the Shares, during construction of the Works, which payment is daily secured upon the Contract.

Directors.

N. B. ACWORTH, Esq., The Hook, Northw., Heris.  
CAPT. W. H. HALL, R.N., C.B., Director of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, Phillimore Gardens, Kensington.  
THOMAS HILL, Esq., Director of the Union Steam Ship Company, Southampton.  
HENRY MAYNARD, Esq., Maynard Brothers, London, Graham's Town, and Fort Elizabeth, Cape Town.  
J. A. RADCLIFFE, Esq., Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park.  
JAMES D. THOMSON, Esq. (Thomson, Watson, & Co., Cape Town), Saint Peter's Chambers, Cornhill.

With power to add to their number.

ENGINEER & GENERAL MANAGER.

CHARLTON J. WOLLASTON, Esq., C.E.

BANKERS.

In London: THE LONDON AND COUNTY BANK.

At the Cape: THE LONDON & SOUTH AFRICAN BANK.

Messrs. HUGHES, MASTERMAN, & HUGHES, 17, Bucklersbury, London.

GEORGE E. SEYMOUR, Esq., 23 Throgmorton Street.

SECRETARY, PRO TEM.

MR. JOHN READ.

TEMPORARY OFFICE.

No. 17 BUCKLEBURY.

This Company is formed for the purpose of constructing and working Electric Telegraphs in Her Majesty's colonial possessions, and elsewhere, in South Africa.  
The Line will commence at Cape Town, and pass through Caledon, Swellendam, Riversdale, Mossel Bay, George, Uitenhage, and Port Elizabeth, to Graham's Town, a distance of about 610 miles. This route will unite Port Elizabeth, the principal emporium of commerce of the Eastern Province, and Graham's Town, the military head quarters, with Cape Town, the seat of Government. From Military and Naval messages alone, a considerable additional revenue may be expected—the annual Military expenditure in the Colony amounting to about £450,000 sterling. The Directors are now in communication with the Imperial Government, with a view to obtaining an additional subsidy for that purpose.  
An agreement has been entered into with a responsible Contractor, who has given security to the Directors for the due fulfilment of his Contract, and who has undertaken to construct the Line, and to deliver it over complete in every respect to the satisfaction of the Company or their Engineer, together with all the necessary Instruments and Apparatus, Station accommodation, and Furniture,—to pay interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum upon the paid-up Capital, during the construction of the Line,—and to maintain it in good working order for three months after completion of the entire works, for the sum of £20,000. By the terms of the Contract one-third of the Contract price is to be paid in fully paid up Shares of the Company at par.

This sum includes the purchase of the eighty-seven miles of the Main Line already completed, besides a conditional right to purchase an additional thirty-seven miles now in operation between King William's Town and East London; and also a further length of twenty-four miles between Cape Town and Simon's Bay. The last-mentioned line has been in successful operation for nearly two years, and is entitled for a fixed period to an annual payment from the Colonial Government of £200, in addition to the subsidy of £1500 granted to this Line.  
When it is considered that there is postal communication only three times a week between the towns through which the line will pass, the advantages of telegraphic communication cannot be too highly estimated, more especially as the Mail takes 9 days to go from Cape Town to Graham's Town, and 3 days from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth, giving at least 7 and 6 days respectively before orders can be received in letters by the ordinary course of post.  
Taking into account, also, the business likely to arise from the large number of vessels and mails entering and leaving the various ports of Cape Town, Simon's Bay, Mossel Bay, Algoa Bay, &c., the amount of business which will be telegraphed to their owners and correspondents, and the numerous messages which will be sent by merchants, passengers, and others, there appears good ground for believing that the revenue to be derived from the line will yield a high rate of interest upon the capital invested by the results which have been produced from the eighty-seven miles now in operation, give the Gross Annual Revenue of—

|  | £      | s. | d. |
|--|--------|----|----|
| Imperial Government, Military, and Commercial and other Messages | 11,500 | 0  | 0  |
| Colonial Government Subsidy                                      | 1,500  | 0  | 0  |
| Subsidy on Simon's Bay Line                                      | 200    | 0  | 0  |
| Total  | 13,200 | 0  | 0  |
| Deduct Working Expenses and Maintenance                          | 5,000  | 0  | 0  |
| Net Revenue  | 8,200  | 0  | 0  |

Showing, on a Capital of £25,000, an estimated Profit of 32 per cent.  
Reference to the map which accompanies this Prospectus will illustrate the importance of the works contemplated, and will also show the proposed extensions of the Telegraph towards Graaff Reinet in the one direction, and King William's Town (there uniting with the East London Line) in the other, upon which extensions were carried out, a further guarantee of £2 per mile per annum will be payable by the Colonial Government.  
Negotiations are pending with the Government of the Colony of Natal to extend the Line of Telegraph from King William's Town to Durban, and in the event of these negotiations proving successful, the question of adopting the arrangement will be submitted for the consideration of the Shareholders.

The Directors have secured the valuable services of Mr. Charlton Wollaston, as Engineer and Manager. The knowledge acquired by this gentleman during his residence at the Cape, of the requirements of the Colony in respect of telegraphic communication, is calculated to be of considerable importance to the Company.  
The establishment of a complete and efficient system of Telegraphs is not only viewed most favourably by the Government and principal residents of the colony, but also by all the leading Cape merchants in London.

The opinion of the late very able Governor, Sir George Grey, as to the importance of the proposed Lines of Telegraph may be seen from the accompanying Extract from his Excellency's Speech at the closing of the Session of the Colonial Parliament, in the month of August last:—"I would especially congratulate you upon the measure you have enacted for promoting the construction and maintenance of a line of Electric Telegraph between Cape Town and Graham's Town, a measure which will not only tend greatly to promote the safety of the colony, but will, as this mode of communication comes into practice, develop advantages for the entire community which will, I feel satisfied, lead to the establishment of many other lines of telegraphic communication."

Applications for the remaining Shares, accompanied by a deposit of 10s. per Share on the number of Shares applied for, to be made to the Directors, at the Temporary Office of the Company, or to Mr. George E. Seymour, the Broker of the Company.

If no allotment be made to the applicant, the deposit will be returned in full.  
Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained of George E. Seymour, Esq., the Broker to the Company, 23 Throgmorton Street; and at the Offices of the Company, 17 Bucklersbury.

**LONDON LIBRARY, 12 St. James's Square, London, S.W.**  
President.—The Earl of CLARENDON.

Vice-Presidents.

The Marquis of Lansdowne.  
Earl Stanhope.

The Lord Bishop of Oxford.  
His Excellency M. Van de Weyer.

Treasurer.

G. Grote, Esq.

Committee.

J. Alderson, M.D.  
Rev. John Barlow.  
Sir J. F. Boscawen, Bart.  
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An illustration of the results of the Division, that the Reversionary addition above named averaged 48 per cent., or varied with the different ages from 35 to 85 per cent. on the Premiums paid in the five years; and that the CASH BONUS averaged 22 per cent. on the like Premiums, being amongst the largest ever declared by any Office.

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|   |            |    |   |
|---|------------|----|---|
| From 1816 to 1821 the amount of Assurances effected was | £2,315,561 | 13 | 0 |
| From 1821 to 1826 the amount of Assurances effected was | 2,641,849  | 5  | 1 |
| From 1826 to 1831 the amount of Assurances effected was | 2,671,326  | 14 | 5 |
| Total in 15 years                                       | £7,528,736 | 12 | 6 |

|                  |            |    |   |
|------------------|------------|----|---|
| ACCUMULATED FUND | £1,515,191 | 17 | 7 |
| ANNUAL REVENUE   | 214,451    | 1  | 1 |

The Directors invite particular attention to the NEW TERMS and CONDITIONS of the STANDARD POLICY.

FREE ASSURANCE.

The Assured under these Policies are permitted to reside in any part of the world without payment of extra Premium; may serve in Militia or Volunteer Corps, in time of peace or war, within the United Kingdom; and, further, no Policy of five years' duration shall be liable to any ground of challenge whatever connected with the original documents on which the Assurances were granted.

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|  |           |    |   |
|--|-----------|----|---|
| Producing an annual income of  | 14,469    | 1  | 5 |
| (In addition to single premiums of £161 10s. 6d.)  |           |    |   |
| Making the total annual income, after deducting £20,112 annual abatement in premium                                      | 310,342   | 3  | 2 |
| Total number of Policies issued  | 51,678    |    |   |
| Amount paid in claims by the decrease of members, from the commencement of the institution in December 1825              | 2,047,311 | 15 | 0 |
| Amount of accumulated fund   | 1,106,397 | 9  | 4 |
| The NIT DIRECTOR & CO. PROTEST will be made up to the 30th November, 1861, and the same will be published in each paper. |           |    |   |

The NEXT DIVISION OF PROFITS will be made up to the 30th November, 1862. Policies effected prior to that date, if subsisting at the time of division, will participate in such profits for the time they may have been in force.

The Report of the Directors for the year ending the 30th November, 1861, is now ready, and may be had on application, with the Prospectus, containing illustrations of the profits for the five years ending the 30th November, 1861, by which it will be seen that the reductions on the premiums range from 11 per cent. to 84 per cent., and that in one instance the premium is extinct. Instances of the bonuses are also shown, and the assurance is given that the same sum will be paid within thirty days from that date.

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March 21, 1862.

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|             | Octave, 14 galls. equal to 7 dozen. | Qr. Cask, 28 galls. equal to 14 doz. |
|-------------|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| SHERRY      | per doz. 18s. £5 13 0               | £10 14 0                             |
| Do.         | 22s. 7 0 0                          | 13 7 0                               |
| EXCELLENT   | 24s. 7 14 0                         | 14 14 0                              |
| Do.         | 30s. 9 16 0                         | 18 14 0                              |
| Do.         | 34s. 11 6 0                         | 21 6 0                               |
| Do.         | 38s. 12 12 0                        | 23 19 0                              |
| AMONTILLADO | 40s. 13 5 0                         | 25 5 0                               |

For other qualities, see Priced List.

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